THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314 — NUMBER 4072

JULY 22, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE LOAN THAT FAILED

ALTHOUGH the Bankers Committee, which met at Paris last month to consider a loan to Germany, adjourned without accomplishing anything definite in that direction, the foreign press is practically unanimous in the opinion that another appeal must be made to this committee later. The subject is likely to loom large on the political and financial horizon of Europe until the reparations question is settled in some workable way.

While public opinion abroad generally supported the loan, there were some dissenters both in France and in Germany. Selfish interests played a part in this opposition. There are groups of men in both countries who are amassing fortunes under conditions that spell loss, or even ruin, for most of their fellow countrymen. The usual group of ugly rumors regarding politico-financial scandals — that naturally breed in such troubled waters as engulf Europe to-day — are becoming more frequent and definite. So eminent a European publicist as Professor Cassel recently intimated, in a sensational article in the *Svenska Dagbladet*, that a scandal likely to throw the Panama scandal into the shade lurks behind the vast sums France is expending upon her devastated territories; and other unhappy evidences of post-war corruption in high Parisian circles are reported to be on the brink of disclosure. In Germany, Hugo Stinnes is but the most prominent among several men who have salvaged fortunes from that country's economic wreckage. And of course there are many stormy-petrel politicians whose personal careers and party programmes would be threatened by a real clarification of European affairs.

Le Figaro awaits with confidence the resumption of the interrupted negotiations. Gabriel Hanotaux, writing in its columns, insists that an international loan is the sole possible remedy for the present crisis: 'Only the whole world is rich enough to save the world.' He fears, however, that any proposal to scale down Germany's obligations will merely encourage her in further evasions, and insists as rigorously as ever upon full payment to France.

Le Temps regrets that the Committee of Bankers did not adhere clearly to the principle that any reduction of the claims of France against Germany must be accompanied by a reduction of the claims of the United States against France. 'The Committee does indeed assert that a loan is impossible unless Germany's obligations are appreciably

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reduced; but it does not venture to add that any reduction in Germany's debt to us is impossible so long as America's claim against us remains intact.'

The French press felt keenly Belgium's refusal to support its stand in this matter. A Belgian delegate, replying to this criticism, remarked: 'We are not dealing here with political alliances, but with a practical business problem, upon which we have asked expert advice. Surely, there are many business men in France who will understand and approve our attitude, dictated as it is by plain common sense.'

The *Journal des Débats*, in reviewing the report of the Committee, which the French representative refused to sign, says that the members 'carried their technical investigations to the point where they touched upon political problems.'

L'Indépendence Belge argues that 'the only sure and speedy solution of the reparations puzzle consists in annulling the debts of the Allies to each other, and in the renunciation by Great Britain of all her claims against Germany under the Treaty of Versailles.'

The *Journal de Genève*, representing liberal Swiss opinion, considers that the Bankers Committee 'made a prudent retreat. Seeing that it would be difficult, under present conditions, to raise the loan requested, it preferred to postpone further discussion of the subject to a more favorable future date.' This leaves the reparations question 'on a dead centre.' However, the deliberations of the Bankers Committee constitute, in the opinion of this journal, a decided step forward, since hereafter the reparations problem must continue to be regarded from the practical business man's point of view, rather than from the standpoint of the politician.

The German press discussed these proceedings with an eye on domestic politics. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, representing Hugo Stinnes and his supporters, gave the loan project a stepmotherly welcome, and argued that, so long as Germany was deprived of Upper Silesia and other territories taken from her by the Allies, such financial assistance as was proposed at Paris would be merely a palliative. *Vorwärts* ascribed this covert opposition to the desire of Stinnes and his associates to prevent a rise in the value of the mark, lest it deprive them of the huge profits they are making by selling abroad, at gold prices, goods produced by underpaid German workers whose wages are in depreciated currency. 'Foreign trade is becoming the most profitable field of German industry. Our home markets have sunk to comparative unimportance, although manufacturers can extort any price they wish from domestic consumers without fear of foreign competition.' However, the flooding of foreign markets has been overdone. German firms now have on hand vast stocks of raw materials and half-manufactured goods, sometimes exceeding many times over the value of their capital stock and reserves; and they welcome a still further depreciation of the mark to enable them to dispose of these stocks in manufactured forms abroad at additional profits.

Wilhelm Feldmann, Paris correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, asserts that the leading industrial circles in France court diplomatic isolation for their country. A leading organ of these circles, *Journée Industrielle*, publishes a signed leader by its editor, Lucien Romier, arguing that the French have no occasion to regret the refusal of the Bankers Committee to make a loan to Germany under present conditions. The Committee's report is to be welcomed. France now has a free hand to settle matters with Germany by main force. This does not necessarily mean by force of arms, but by an

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exhibition of strength that will make Germany ready to come to a direct understanding with her opponent. In fact, an isolation party of considerable weight and influence now exists in France. *L'Action Française*, the royalist organ, cites America's precedent in favor of such a policy.

British papers and the neutral press in general ascribe the failure of the Committee to accomplish anything positive entirely to the recalcitrant attitude of France, and consider that country's present policy ruinous, both for herself and for the rest of Europe.

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NEW PRESIDENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

LAST spring Argentina elected to the Presidency for the coming four-year period, Dr. Marcelo T. DeAlvear. The new Executive nominally belongs to the same political group, the Radical Civic Union, as his predecessor, Mr. Irrigoyen, but it is anticipated that he will show a more receptive attitude toward overtures for closer relations between his country and Europe than did his predecessor. It will be recalled that President Irrigoyen steadfastly kept Argentina out of the War, and withdrew the Argentine delegation from the first assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva.

Dr. DeAlvear descends from one of the most illustrious families in South America. One of his ancestors was a famous Spanish admiral; another is numbered among the early leaders of South America in the revolt against Spain; a third is credited with a labor similar to that of Baron Haussmann in Paris, by which Buenos Aires was transformed from an unattractive and rather squalid South American port-settlement into the magnificent capital it is to-day. The new President speaks several European languages and is a patron of art and letters as well as a distinguished publicist.

Brazil's new President is Senhor Arturo Bernardes, who distinguished himself as a Governor of his own State of Minas Geraes by paying off a large portion of the public debt during the prosperous days of the War. He is understood to favor strict economy in Federal expenses, including a drastic lightening of Brazil's military burdens, which have grown heavier of late, and to which there is a significant reference in the leading article of our issue of July 8. For that reason he is not particularly popular with the army and navy and the militarist party in general. There was some disorderly opposition to his administration in the provinces at the time of his inauguration, and recent reports mention a mutiny in a military garrison near the capital. However, the new Executive is said to have the firm support of the business interests of his country, and so far as can be gathered from somewhat tardy press information from South America, there is little likelihood that the movement against him and the platform he represents will gain much headway among the people at large.

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TAKE JONESCU

THE death of Take Jonescu, former Prime Minister of Rumania, removes one of the most brilliant and cosmopolitan statesmen of Europe from the stage of public life. Equally at home in every great European capital, and conversant with most of the European languages, he was a sort of liaison officer between Rumania and Western Europe. A liberal of what we should call in America the 'sane and safe' type, he championed the cause of the Allies from the very beginning of the War, and his efforts contributed largely

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to bringing his country eventually into the conflict against Germany and Austria. His faith in an eventual Allied victory was implicit, even during the dark days when his country was overrun by invaders and he himself was an exile in Switzerland. The *Living Age* of February 11, 1922, contained his dramatic account of conditions in Rumania, in 1914, immediately after the outbreak of hostilities.

After the last electoral campaign, which did not result favorably for his party, Mr. Jonescu went to Italy for a short rest, where he died after an attack of typhoid fever contracted at Naples.

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DOCTOR RATHENAU

ANOTHER and more tragic death leaves a still wider gap in the ranks of Europe's present political leaders. During the War it was the duty of the editor of this magazine to read and summarize for high official use the principal journals, magazines, and political monographs published in the territories of the Central Powers. Apart from the writings of professed pacifists like Professor Friedrich Förster and of M. J. Bonn,—one of whose articles will appear in our issue of August 5,—which escaped intermittently into print, there was a single man — and he in a position of high authority — whose articles carried the imprint of a mind which the American mind might meet with mutual comprehension. That was Walther Rathenau. Albert Ballin, Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Company, would have been another, had he likewise been gifted as a writer. A Germany of Rathenaus and Ballins might have been as great as her most ambitious leaders ever dreamed, without incurring the distrust and hostility of the world.

Walther Rathenau was born in 1867, of Jewish descent, and was the son of the founder of the A.E.G., or General Electric Company of Germany. His father was purely a business man. The son was a philosopher and an idealist, as well as a great engineer and business executive. He rushed through schools and universities ahead of his contemporaries, and worked in shops and factories in overalls, learning the trades of the mechanics he employed. He is the author of nearly twenty books, among which the most familiar to English readers are probably, *In Days to Come*, and *The New Economy*.

Rathenau has often been characterized as the ablest man in modern Germany. Though he spoke perfect English, as well as French and Italian, and at the Genoa Conference delivered a most gracious farewell address in the last-mentioned language, his possession of these manifold means of communication did not make him communicative in ordinary conversation. He was sometimes accused of intellectual arrogance, and perhaps showed too little patience with minds less alert and comprehending than his own. But he was a liberal in the fullest sense of the word.

On May 10, 1921, Rathenau said in addressing the Nuremberg Congress of the Democratic Peoples Party of Germany: —

> None of you believes that our future can ever be made better by armies or by diplomats. The fate of nations is not decided by armies, but by the people themselves. Their destiny is determined by their ideals. The Versailles Treaty is indefensible, because it contains no ideals.

Although he condemned the Treaty, Rathenau was recognized as an honest advocate of Germany's complying with the obligations she assumed by signing that Treaty, to the utmost of her ability. It was this honest determination that caused him to be murdered.

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GERMAN AIR TRAVEL

ALL the important towns of Central and Eastern Europe are linked together by regular airplane service, with flights at least two or three times a week, and in some cases twice a day. In Germany the cost of air travel is extremely low, reckoned at prevailing rates of exchange. For instance, the latest fares reported from Berlin to Munich are 1295 marks; from Hamburg to Constance, 2945 marks; from Berlin to Bremen, 700 marks. There is a newly-opened biweekly service from Königsberg to Moscow, a flight of ten hours, but this is provisionally available only for officials and letters. Business men frequently fly from Stockholm to Riga in preference to taking the steamer. Serious accidents are said to be rare. Naturally a limited amount of luggage — no more than a suitcase at most — is carried.

At present airplane travelers are subject to unpredictable delays on account of weather conditions. While the time in transit is short, the actual flying time, plus waiting time at the aviation field, is not infrequently longer than would be required to make the same journey by train.

Recently a German aviator carried a Russian diplomatic representative from Moscow to Berlin in a single flight of eighteen hours. He made the outward journey with the same passenger in two flights, landing en route at Königsberg. The pilot in describing his journey said: 'Chotinka is the big aviation field at Moscow. It has vast hangars and workshops, and there is a good deal of flying there.'

This aviator followed the main line of railway from Moscow to the Polish border, then detoured via the Baltic Coast until he was over German territory. The total distance was about 1100 miles.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

THE recent cantonal elections do not show a marked modification of political sentiment, but such changes as did occur indicate a shifting toward the Left. The only men previously holding office who were defeated were supporters of the present Cabinet. An unusually large number of voters did not take the trouble to cast their ballots. The general results are as follows, listing the parties from the most conservative to the most radical: Conservatives, 13 seats lost; Progressive Republican Group, 22 seats lost; Radicals and Conservative Socialist Group, 7 seats gained; Moderate Socialist Group, 16 seats gained; Communists, 12 seats gained.

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THE IRISH CONSTITUTION

IRELAND'S new constitution is described by the *New Statesman* as 'an odd and piquant document.' Apparently it is designedly divergent from the organic acts of most Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. Of course, this is no reproach. It rather lends interest to the document, so far as the divergencies stand for ventures into new and promising fields of constitutional jurisprudence.

Relations with the Empire conform scrupulously with the terms of the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland's representatives. It is in respect to comparatively minor details that the document has excited good-humored criticism.

Members of the Senate are elected for a twelve-year term, and although their powers will be less than those of the British House of Lords, they may, on account of the care with which they are to be selected, exercise much moral authority. The Prime Minister will be elected by Parliament, and will appoint

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his three political colleagues in the Cabinet. The Ministry holds office only so long as it enjoys the confidence of the legislative body. Other members of the Cabinet are to be appointed from outside the Dàil by a committee representing all parties in that body on a system of proportional representation. These elected members will retain office during the term of the members of the Parliament that have chosen them. In other words, only four of the Ministers are to be responsible in the British sense to the legislative body, an effort having been made, apparently, to combine some of the advantages of a permanent and of a changing 'parliamentary' executive.

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BRITAIN'S FUTURE TRADE

LORD BEAVERBROOK recently made an address before the Reading Chamber of Commerce, in which he pointed out to what a small extent British prosperity was really dependent on any single foreign market. He said: —

> The trade of Central Europe is important, but, after all, let us consider it. British exports in 1913 to Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans were 14 per cent of the total. Only 30 per cent of the total production of Great Britain was exported. These countries, therefore, took only 7.5 per cent of our total production. As a set-off against this loss of 7.5 per cent, we can develop the home market, which is 70 per cent of the total, develop trade within the Empire, develop trade with South America and China. Whatever we have lost in Europe we can easily make good here — and with this additional satisfaction, that the money and goods turned to this purpose will be comparatively safe.

He said that Great Britain and the world must look for prosperity to 'the pastoral producer, the delver after raw materials — wealth hidden in the earth — who will best restore the wastage of the war'; and that therefore workingmen, manufacturers, and financiers are mistaken if they spend too much time 'muckraking among the collapsed exchanges of Europe.'

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MINOR NOTES

THE recent loan of one hundred million dollars, by a group of American bankers, to Yugoslavia, which nets that country about 85 per cent of this sum, represents a step toward opening to international trade the Dalmatian ports, under conditions that promise to make these new shipping-points commercial centres of some importance. Yugoslavia received a small commercial fleet under the Peace Treaty, together with some three hundred and fifty miles of coastline on the Adriatic. She already has four corporations engaged in ocean trade, operating between thirty and forty vessels, with a total carrying capacity somewhat under one hundred thousand tons. In addition, there is a coastal shipping company operating about one fourth of this tonnage.

BELGIUM'S investments in Russia, which account for the opposition of her representatives at Genoa to the proposed arrangements with the Soviet Government, numbered before the war fifty-seven mines and furnaces, sixteen machine-shops and engineering works, fifteen glass-works and potteries, thirteen public-utility and transportation companies, and fifty other enterprises. Belgian properties in Russia produced annually six million tons of coal, one third of all the pig iron smelted, 42 per cent of the rolled iron and steel, three quarters of the chemicals, and well over one third of the glass and glassware produced in the country.

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EDWARD VII AND THE ENTENTE

BY SIR SIDNEY LEE

[*Sir Sidney Lee, who is of Jewish descent, is probably the foremost Shakespearean scholar in Great Britain and the author of a Life of King Edward VII. The following article appeared on the twelfth anniversary of King Edward's death.*]

From the London *Times, May* 6
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

WHEN King Edward came to the throne at the beginning of the year 1901, the South African War was waging and the popularity of England among the European peoples was at a lower ebb than ever before. During the closing months of his mother's reign, neither Queen Victoria's venerable age nor his own well-known charm protected either from the obscenities of the caricaturists of Paris, Berlin, Rome, The Hague, and Brussels, who, with repulsive fidelity, reflected the popular prejudice of their environment. English statesmen had long cherished a policy of isolation; and although the rancors of foreign Governments were less obtrusive than those of their peoples, there was no Power on the European Continent which, when Queen Victoria died, Great Britain could call a friend.

The alienation of foreign sympathy from England was at once brought directly home to the new King, and from the first, despite the unpromising atmosphere, he made trial of his gifts of conciliation. In February 1901, on his first visit to the Continent after his accession, when he visited his dying sister, the Empress Frederick, at Friedrichshof, he landed at Flushing and traveled through Holland. At all the railway stations en route large crowds of Dutchmen and Dutchwomen assembled to din derisively into his ears the Boer National Anthem. His equanimity was undisturbed.

Meanwhile the Kaiser lost no time in repeating to his uncle a mysterious warning which he had already given his grandmother, Queen Victoria. He announced a belligerent coalition under the Tsar of Russia's leadership, with France as chief aid-de-camp, which was forming to attack the British Empire. King Edward's nephew added that only the personal influence which, despite his subjects' pro-Boer enthusiasm, he was employing in the English interest could stay the avalanche. Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, and Sir Frank Lascelles, the English Ambassador in Berlin, treated the Emperor's allegation as the figment of a rather malignant fancy.

The Kaiser's disappointment on learning that his uncle failed to take his warning seriously found vent in threats that 'people cannot be held back forever,' and 'there will be intervention.' But the King met all his nephew's unpleasant hints in the best of tempers. 'Ever since my accession, now nearly a year ago,' he was soon writing to him, 'I have had but one desire, my dear William, and that is that the two countries should "pull well" together in spite of the strong Boer feeling in yours.'

In Russia sympathy with the Boers was well alive through the early months

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of King Edward's reign, although the Tsar and his Government had in view no plan of interference to justify the Kaiser's suggestions. At the end of May, 1901, the Tsar took the unusual step of writing to King Edward a 'private' letter urging him to bring the South African War to an immediate close.

Pray forgive me (the Tsar's letter ran) for writing to you upon a very delicate subject, which I have been thinking over for months, but my conscience obliges me at last to speak openly. It is about the South African War, and what I say is only said as by your loving nephew.

You remember, of course, at the time when the war broke out what a strong feeling of animosity against England arose throughout the world. In Russia the indignation of the people was similar to that of the other countries. I received addresses, letters, telegrams, and so forth, in masses, begging me to interfere, even by adopting strong measures. But my principle is not to meddle in other people's affairs — especially as it did not concern my country.

Nevertheless all this weighs morally upon me. . . . So sad it is to think of Christians fighting against each other! How many thousands of gallant young Englishmen have already perished out there! Does not your kind heart yearn to put an end to this bloodshed? Such an act would be universally hailed with joy.

Again King Edward, with all the tact consistent with self-respect, poured oil on the troubled waters.

With the conclusion of the South African War, and the signing of peace on May 31, 1902, Europe's attitude to England, outside Germany, rapidly underwent a complete revolution. Even in Germany the acerbity of feeling diminished for a season. Before King Edward's reign ended on May 6, 1910, France and Russia were united to England by mutually advantageous and carefully defined understandings. Italy, Spain, and the smaller Scandinavian Powers had given unmistakable proofs of a benevolent disposition toward this country, while with the death, in 1909, of King Leopold of Belgium and the accession of King Albert the long period of friction between Belgium and England finally closed. Only Germany, of all the countries of Europe, seemed disinclined at the close of the reign to accept England's pacific assurances in the spirit in which they were tendered.

Trustworthy evidence makes it clear that King Edward was in a large measure personally responsible for this wide and welcome change in England's international relations. His broad outlook on affairs and his cosmopolitan sympathies appealed to the foreign imagination, and his frequent visits to the European Continent gave his conciliatory temperament the best opportunities for effective work. His first tour, in the spring of 1903, was undertaken on his own initiative. His Ministers were in doubt as to the kind of reception with which the chief official representative of England might meet at the hands of foreign Governments and foreign peoples. Echoes of the dying Boer enmity were still audible in the foreign press. But the King ignored all misgivings, and his confidence was triumphantly justified. In Lisbon, Rome, and Paris his personal tact and genial demeanor evoked in the peoples no less than in their rulers a friendly feeling, even an enthusiasm, for himself and his country.

Thenceforth well-nigh every European State earnestly sought to induce the King to visit its territories. The conviction spread that amicable relations with England were worth cultivating, and that the King's visits were the best means of initiating or developing friendships between nations. English Ambassadors or Ministers abroad constantly reported to the King the desire

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of the Courts and Governments to which they were accredited to welcome him to their capitals.

Before long the King's Ministers recognized the benefits which the international relations of the country derived from King Edward's foreign tours, and from 1906 onward, when Sir Edward Grey was Foreign Minister, the Government not merely encouraged the foreign expeditions but often suggested times and places with a view to strengthening the bases of European peace. The Ministers assumed responsibility for the King's exercise of pacifying influences in the manner which he had himself inaugurated.

Foreign requisitions for the King's presence proved at times embarrassing, and there was less likelihood of offense in a refusal or postponement on Ministerial advice than on the King's sole authority. When one sovereign, in view of a threatened and undesired incursion into his capital of the German Emperor, urged with exceptional vehemence a counterbalancing visit from King Edward, the King, who was at Chatsworth, drafted autograph notes for a reply which included the sentences: 'I shall have to shelter myself as a constitutional sovereign under the wing of my Government. . . . No answer can be given one way or the other till I have consulted my Ministers.'

The Kaiser had early in his reign adopted a programme of foreign travel which was speciously similar to that which was followed by his uncle. But the Kaiser's peregrinations were designed less in the interests of peace than with a view to impressing foreign nations with his own importance and with the irresistible might of Germany. Often the Kaiser exacted almost at the sword's point invitations from reluctant Courts, as in the case of Denmark. His uncle's missionary activities of conciliation he regarded with jealous and unfriendly eyes. Yet he could not blind himself to the popular gratification and the added prestige which King Edward's foreign tours gave the countries which came within their scope; and despite the slanders which his vanity and jealousy showered on King Edward, it became one of the Kaiser's grievances against his uncle that Berlin was excluded from King Edward's early Continental itineraries.

In point of fact, the King during his reign never allowed any long period to elapse without visiting some part of Germany, albeit outside the Prussian capital; and save during the single year 1905, throughout which the Kaiser's tongue and pen were especially virulent at his uncle's expense, never did the King decline a personal meeting with his nephew on German soil. Even in that year, when a clumsy and tactless endeavor was made by an officious German courtier to induce King Edward to meet the Kaiser at Frankfort or Homburg on the journey home from Marienbad, King Edward sent an urbane assurance that he had no quarrel with the Kaiser of any kind. A few weeks later the King invited the Kaiser's eldest son, the Crown Prince, to visit him in England — an invitation which the jealous Kaiser peremptorily ordered the young man to decline.

Next year the personal relations between the two men improved; meetings followed at Cronberg in the autumns of 1906, 1907, and 1908, and the Kaiser's official visit to Windsor in November 1907 was returned at Berlin by King Edward in February 1909.

The later intercourse between King Edward and his nephew was largely controlled by Ministerial policy. But while it was the ambition of King Edward to make his personal interviews with foreign rulers conserve the general interests of peace, he was punctilious in avoiding, in conversations with them,

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diplomatic detail which he invariably regarded as falling within the exclusive province of his Ministers.

The Kaiser alone of foreign sovereigns declined to recognize this distinction, but King Edward was astute enough to avoid the Kaiser's traps. In August 1908, when uncle and nephew met at Cronberg, — it was their last meeting but one, — the English Foreign Office deemed it opportune for the King to explain to the Kaiser the precise grounds for the anxiety current in England respecting the increasing expenditure on the German Fleet. A well-weighed memorandum was drafted and was handed to King Edward with the request that he would bring it to the Kaiser's notice. But the King, who fully shared his Ministers' misgivings, perceived an unusual unwillingness on his nephew's part to engage in a naval discussion. Consequently the King, with ready prudence, left it to Sir Charles Hardinge, then Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to bring the Ministerial memorandum to the notice of the Kaiser. At the time, the Kaiser received it with an outward air of benevolence.

Four times during King Edward's reign — twice at Marienbad, in 1903 and 1904, and twice at Ischl, in 1907 and 1908 — the King met the venerable Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph. The two men long cherished a mutual affection and enjoyed one another's society. But the social courtesies which they delighted to exchange had small, if any, bearing on vexed or acute political issues.

After Emperor Francis's death and the accession of the late Emperor Charles in 1917, the Austrian press reported, on the Emperor Charles's authority, that at one interview when the two sovereigns were entirely alone King Edward sought to detach Emperor Francis from the German alliance, promising him in exchange a free hand in the Balkans. The statement was repeated last year in the memoir of Emperor Francis from the pen of Baron von Margutti, long a member of the Austrian Imperial Household. The story is entirely mythical.

When their farewell meeting took place at Ischl in August 1908 no word was spoken of Balkan affairs. Yet at the very moment the Austrian Minister, Baron Aehrenthal, with his imperial master's assent, was secretly preparing, in defiance of treaty obligations, the annexation to Austria of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Thereby the Emperor Francis and his Government were about to bring Europe to the verge of war. The startling news of the accomplishment of this unhappy coup was first communicated to King Edward in an autograph letter from Emperor Francis fully two months after they parted. King Edward naturally resented the Emperor's reticence on this occasion.

At the extreme end of his reign, misunderstandings of a similar kind were current in England respecting King Edward's two meetings with the Tsar of Russia, the first of which took place at sea off Reval in June 1908, and the second in The Solent in August 1909.

For both meetings the British Government shared King Edward's responsibility. The internal revolution which was then already threatening the Tsar's throne gave advanced politicians and their followers in England the erroneous impression that King Edward in exchanging hospitalities with the 'Autocrat of All the Russias' was manifesting a personal sympathy with the blind forces of Russian reaction. No travesty of the truth could be more fantastic. King Edward studied with close attention the revolutionary movement in Russia. Detailed and impartial reports reached him from men possessed of an

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expert knowledge of that country, chief of whom was the King's old friend, Sir Donald Wallace, formerly foreign director of the *Times*. Sir Donald paid repeated visits to St. Petersburg to watch the early working of the Duma, an experiment in constitutional reform to which, unhappily, the Tsar denied free play.

The comparative failure of that constitutional experiment, which was in large measure due to the Tsar's vacillations, King Edward described as 'deplorable.' The information at his disposal left no doubt of the tragic certainty of complete anarchy unless the extremists, both reactionary and revolutionary, were firmly checked by liberal concessions to reasonable popular demands. But it was outside King Edward's province to interfere in the domestic concerns of a foreign country.

The first suggestion of a visit to Russia came early in 1906 from Count Witte, at the moment the Russian Prime Minister and formerly Minister of Finance, who was making at the time a bold effort to allay the revolutionary ferment by improving the economic conditions of Russia. King Edward refused to entertain Count Witte's proposal.

> The country (he wrote of Russia) is in a very unsettled state, and will, I fear, not improve for some time to come. I hardly think that the country at home would much approve of my going there for a while. I have no wish to play the part of the German Emperor, who always meddles in other people's business. What advice could I possibly give the Emperor as to the management of his country? What right have I to do so even if he were to listen to me, which I much doubt?

Shortly afterwards M. Stolypin became Russian Prime Minister. He had solemnly pledged himself to a new and thorough scheme of constitutional government, and he was joined as Foreign Minister by M. Isvolskii, who shared his chief's political views. M. Isvolskii was at the same time committed to an understanding with England on the many issues in Europe and Asia which had long kept the two countries menacingly apart.

King Edward had met M. Isvolskii at Copenhagen in 1904, when the statesman was Russian Minister there, and they had discussed the possibilities of an Anglo-Russian Entente, to which King Edward, despite the disapproval of Queen Victoria, had from early days inclined. He was pleased to learn that the Russian Minister's views were in accord with his own. Many meetings followed later at Marienbad and in London between the King and M. Isvolskii, and the King's favorable impressions were confirmed. Meanwhile prolonged negotiations of a peculiarly difficult kind, which the King watched with alert and critical interest, bore fruit in the Anglo-Russian Entente, which, signed on August 31, 1907, greatly strengthened the pacific influence of England in the Councils of Europe.

At the same time the reforming Ministers of the Tsar, who had helped to make the Anglo-Russian settlement, regarded the new English association as encouraging, by force of example, the development of constitutional government in Russia. Revolutionary violence for the time diminished, and the chance of a peaceful solution of the internal crisis seemed to increase. When, early in 1908, both the Russian and English Ministers deemed a meeting between King Edward and the Tsar opportune, King Edward yielded his former objections and readily adopted the plan, which both the new domestic and foreign policy of the Tsar's Government recommended. It was significant that when the Tsar invited M. Stolypin to accompany him to the meeting with

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King Edward off Reval, M. Stolypin accepted the invitation on the understanding, to which the Tsar assented, that he 'went to meet a constitutional sovereign as the First Minister in a Government based on constitutional principles.'

M. Stolypin, who was assassinated by the extremists in September 1911, was still in office when the Tsar paid a return visit to King Edward at Cowes, but the heavy calls upon him at home prevented him from joining his master on that expedition. M. Isvolskii, who was still Foreign Minister, was then the only Ministerial companion of the Tsar. Protests against King Edward's personal association with the Tsar came in more heated terms than before from advanced Liberals and the Labor Party. The King was openly charged with entertaining in the person of the Tsar the tyrannical repressor of the liberties of his people. Yet, about the same date that the sovereigns met in The Solent, a deputation from the Russian Duma was welcomed to England, and was received by the King at Buckingham Palace. Appreciative references to the presence in England of the elected representatives of the Russian people were made by both the Tsar and King Edward at the chief official banquet to to which the English sovereign summoned his guest.

It was as a constitutional sovereign, working in the best interests alike of his own country and of the country of the Russian sovereign, that King Edward exchanged hospitalities with the Tsar. Thereby he did what he could to illustrate for the Tsar's benefit the advantage of constitutional rule, as well as to confirm the recent friendly settlement of long-standing differences between the two countries.

THE ANTICHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN CHINA

BY H. H. BRAYTON BARFF

From the *Peking Daily News, April* 18, 22
(CHINESE ENGLISH-LANGUAGE DAILY)

I

MANY men and women are still living who can remember the dismay and distress among ordinary intelligent people in the Western communities, as the invincible case of the biologists and geologists against the orthodox Christian cosmogony unfolded itself. The minds of many resisted the new knowledge instinctively and irrationally. Their whole moral edifice was built upon false history; they were too old and set to rebuild it; they felt the practical truth of their moral convictions, and this new truth seemed to them to be incompatible with that. They believed that to assent to it would be to prepare a moral collapse for the world. And so they produced a moral collapse by not assenting to it. [WELLS: *Outline of History.*]

Within the past few weeks a great deal of public attention has been called to, and bestowed upon, a movement commonly denominated the Antichristian Movement, though some of

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its patrons resent the name, saying that their movement, their agitation, is not particularly antichristian, but antireligious. Being psychologists, these people, doubtless taking their stand on the works of such eminent philosophers and psychologists as Saul of Tarsus and William James, and one or two others who might be named, have come to the conclusion that all religion is a fraud, and not even a pious fraud, and must be swept off the face of the earth. Other patrons take a different view. They assert that China has no need of an imported religion: that Confucianism is enough for it. Others again are asserting that Christianity is merely a tool of capitalism. And other patrons of the movement have other views.

It will thus be seen that the movement is a somewhat mixed one, as all movements are; but it happens that the patrons are so closely allied in intention, whether in intelligence or not, that they, more or less unconsciously, join forces and present as it were a united front to the world, which has dubbed the whole movement antichristian as the easiest way of describing it. The fact that there are several elements in the agitation is undoubted, and it suggests, what happens to be true, that the several agitations arise from several independent sources and causes. The fact that the movement has arisen in several centres also suggests diverse origins; but the fact that these diverse agitations are simultaneous suggests common origin.

The two chief centres of the movement are Peking and Shanghai; and, as it happens, the movements at these two places are quite unconnected. From these two centres the movement has spread to other centres, such as Hankow, Tientsin, and Tsinan. In Shanghai, it is alleged, the movement owes its origin to Bolshevist propaganda. It will not be forgotten that, at one time, certain sections of the Allied press in China and in Japan attributed the alleged false origin of the reports of the Twenty-one Demands to German propaganda; and throughout the war it was the fashion to dub everything German propaganda that implied criticism of the Allied Powers. Nowadays, everything is attributed to Bolshevist propaganda. The evidence on which the allegation of Bolshevist propaganda at the back of the Shanghai movement rests is of very doubtful authenticity. On the other hand, it is known that reactionary Russian elements are lavishly spending money to create trouble, which they are taking care to have attributed to Bolshevist propaganda; and the evidence that this is so in the present case is at least as strong as that there is any genuine Bolshevist propaganda behind the movement that condemns Christianity as a mere capitalist tool.

The movement in Peking derives its origin from a few too-strenuous 'intellectuals,' whose zeal outruns their discretion, and whose discretion is not the better part of their valor. While the Shanghai movement is largely inspired by sociological (or pseudo-sociological) considerations, that in Peking is inspired by philosophical (or pseudophilosophical) considerations.

In both places, however, the movement has been somewhat of a snowball, as all such movements are, and has attracted to itself considerable numbers of adherents of the kind that is driven hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, especially if they can persuade themselves that the doctrine is heterodox, or revolutionary, or 'intellectual,' or merely new. As usual in such cases, the shallow-pates do most of the shouting — on both sides; and we get the puerile polemics of an Ingersoll, or the bleating of Blatchfordian

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sheep, or the doughty dogmatism of a 'Soapy Sam.' As usual, also, the immature minds are readiest to proclaim the new doctrine, whether it be a real gospel or a mere raucous gibberish. This largely accounts for the student interest in the matter; but another factor has been at work in the student mind. The students are firmly convinced that the respect formerly paid to the scholar is now due to themselves, and they take every possible opportunity of exacting it. To this end, more or less unconsciously, the students have displayed an interest altogether out of proportion to their real importance in several public and international issues; and the habit of processing, proclaiming, and pronunciamiento-ing has so grown upon them, that it must be indulged on every occasion, proper or improper. The conference of the World's Christian Student Federation suggested itself as an appropriate occasion: hence this sudden outpouring of the student verbosity.

There is, of course, a general factor entering into the movement at all places, and that is the generally topsy-turvy state of mind of the world at large. The war has left behind it questionings, revaluations, searchings of heart, that will not be satisfied either with 'As you were,' or 'Carry on.' As happened a hundred years ago, there has come a great irruption of social, political, and religious ideas. The whole world is in a ferment, and it is not to be expected that China has escaped the general tendency. Indeed, it may be said that in some respects China has led the way. The Revolution came here several years before it did in Europe. Settled opinions on every subject have gone by the board, and as yet nothing substantial has been adequately offered in their place. The upheaval that came in 1911 and 1912 may not have changed much fundamentally in China, except — and the exception is the essential thing — that it has left the fundamentals open to question; and the people readiest with the questioning are, of course, such intellectuals as there are. It is they who are putting the serious questions; and whatever the questions they may ask, they will have a following; and the following is making the noise.

The most important factor in producing the whole movement, however, is the missionary movement itself. The missionary professes to offer to the people of this country something that will give them a final solution of all the problems of life. For well over a hundred years now the Protestant missionary has been making the offer, and he has found it accepted by comparatively very few. For the rest, there was indifference. We do not overlook the open hostility to mission work, which frequently took the form of physical violence and of deliberate opposition, under the Empire; but probably nobody would be readier to admit that the opposition was officially instigated, or officially connived at from interested motives, than would the missionary.

In the main, the missionary has met with indifference. His claims have never been critically examined by enlightened Chinese. The so-called enlightened Chinese of the old régime would no more think of making a critical examination of the claims of Christianity than the modern scientist would critically examine the theory that eclipses of the moon are caused by the attempt of a dragon to swallow the luminary, or the popular Chinese view that earthquakes are caused by some uneasy dragon stirring in the Lower Palæozoic.

It is different now. The claims of Christianity are as seriously considered by Chinese thinkers as they are seriously advanced by the missionaries themselves; and, as was to be expected,

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the judgment given is not wholly on the side of Christianity. There is a strong body of Chinese thought which has candidly considered the Christian claims and rejected them. The opening Chinese mind is being offered at one and the same time the *Origin of Species* and the Book of Genesis. Twenty years ago it had a repugnance to both of them. To-day it critically weighs the claims of one against the claims of the other; it makes its choice between Bertrand Russell and Dr. Mott. And, be it remembered, it is the missionary who has directly or indirectly stirred up the critical faculty, just as it is the missionary who is the 'one and onlie begetter' of the Chinese literary renascence, from which, immediately, the serious part of the present criticism directly descends. In so far as the present movement represents honest criticism, — and to some extent it really does so, — the missionary doubtless welcomes it: anything is better to his mind than the old indifference, whether born in ignorance or bred of a haughty and unwarranted superiority.

II

Through all its variations and corruptions Christianity has never lost the suggestion of a devotion to God's commonweal that makes the personal pomps of monarchs and rulers seem like the insolence of an overdressed servant, and the splendors and gratifications of wealth like the waste of robbers. No man living in a community which such a religion as Christianity or Islam has touched can be altogether a slave. There is an ineradicable quality in these religions that compels men to judge their masters and to realize their responsibility for the world. [WELLS: *Outline of History.*]

While it is true that the missionaries themselves have, very largely unconsciously but still to a very limited extent deliberately, provoked such a movement as the present one, it is none the less true that many missionaries are afraid of it. They seem to see in the very near future a violent antimissionary campaign that may end in riots and persecutions and the like expressions of animosity; and some go even further than this, for they envisage a general antiforeign rising something like the Boxer madness. Such a thing is, in the present condition of things in China, impossible. There has been neither the deliberate provocation from higher circles, nor the irresponsible talk in the foreign press throughout the world about the break-up and the partition of China, both of which preceded the 1900 madness and helped to inflame all China, and not merely helped, but were among the most powerful incitements thereto.

This fear, though we believe it is by no means absent from missionary circles, is perhaps still more widely spread among the foreign lay community. It is difficult to know in which section of that community it is the stronger — the section that was actually here in 1900 and went through that nerve-racking experience and has never forgotten it, or the section that has only heard about it as an indescribable horror. The former section freely admits that the Chinese attitude to the foreigner has changed, but cannot rid itself of a subconscious feeling that the change is only on the surface; and this feeling is strengthened by the atrocity reports with which the world was regaled from 1914 to 1918, the unuttered argument being that, if civilized Europe (or a part of it) could lapse into the barbarities with which each side credited the other during the war (and which were in any case greatly exaggerated — but this the average man does not care to admit), almost anything may be expected in China. The argument is grossly unfair to China; but it is idle to talk of fairness or

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unfairness where fear or panic dwells. We believe, however, that, if there is anything unthinkable, a recurrence of the Boxer madness is unthinkable.

There is one almost inevitable result of the movement, and that is that Christianity as a whole, and Christian Missions in particular, will not find themselves unchallenged in this country. They will be challenged in a new way. They have been challenged often enough in the past, but by prejudice that did not ask for an answer. They will now be challenged in a new way. They will be asked to give a satisfactory account of themselves. This they need not fear. Hitherto, except from the prejudice just mentioned, they have not had to face a frontal attack. There have been many flank movements, all relatively unimportant. The present is, probably, but the beginning of a direct criticism. The whole literary renascence has been a flank movement, but it is now developing a frontal movement.

The serious part of the present criticism is but a manifestation of one aspect of the literary renascence. The best answer to the direct attack is the direct counterattack; and doubtless we shall see an answer to the present movement in the shape of more aggressive missionary enterprise. In more ways than one the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Already there are signs of the aggressive counterattack. It is reported by those who were present at the Conference at Tsinghua, which was the occasion of this attack, that the representatives of Chinese Christianity displayed remarkable spiritual energy, and insight and vigor, such as gave promise of development into a great fighting force within a very short time. There were more indications than ever that the Chinese Christian Church is very much alive, and quite able, without foreign support, to meet all attacks that are likely to be made on it, and, indeed, to carry the war into the enemy's territory. That is the first result to spring from the antichristian movement.

There is, however, a form of attack that is far more difficult to deal with than either a direct or a flank attack, and that is the attack that ostensibly is no attack at all. This sort of attack comes from many quarters. To take two examples. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was not professedly an antichristian polemic, but nobody can read it without realizing that it was really a most powerful and skillfully directed attack on certain aspects of Christian truth; and, as a matter of fact, it had a most profound influence on the religious and philosophical thought of the day. Seventy years after the appearance of Gibbon's great book, was published Darwin's *Origin of Species*, not a line of which was written with deliberate hostility to Christianity or any other form of religion; but it is not too much to say that this book, with those that followed it, has so modified the expression of all religious truth, that pre-Darwinian expressions of it have practically lost their meaning for the modern world.

This is not to say that the truth itself is in any way changed; but it is not merely in the natural realm that protective mimicry plays a part. Spencer's definition of life, that it is 'the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations,' was the result of a profound and subtle analysis, but it omitted the fundamental fact that we know life only as a quality of, and in association with, living things. Religion is a living thing, but if it is to remain a living thing, it must be prepared for the necessary adjustment of internal relations to external relations. Every religion does this, and does it

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wholesale. That is why the patron saint of the city of London is Paul, while that of Rome is Peter: Peter, the Jew, with his very concrete keys of the Babylonian heaven and hell, rules in Rome, the religious gathering-point of the Southern race; while Paul, with his Hellenic affinities and mystical outlook, holds sway in the cathedral of the Northern metropolis.

Hence we must expect from Chinese Christianity that almost conscious adaptation to environment that is necessary to life, and especially necessary to life more abundant. And the signs of this are already with us, again at the W. C. S. F. Conference, where, we are told, it was evident that Asiatic Christianity will not be found to be cast in the same mould as the Christianity of the West. If this is so, it means a great deal, and it raises many vital problems. The moment there is a clear revelation of what may be called an autochthonous Christianity, the time has come for the missionary to go back whence he came. Has that moment come? Hardly, perhaps, but the Conference seems to have given clear signs of its near approach; and this is certain: that such movements as the antichristian movement will but serve to bring the moment nearer — which is one of life's major ironies. Some pertinent words of Houston Stewart Chamberlain's come to mind as having a bearing on this matter, and with them we may fitly close. He writes: —

> Whoever studies carefully the history of Christianity sees that it is always and everywhere in a state of flux, always and everywhere waging an inward struggle. Whoever, on the other hand, cherishes the foolish delusion that Christianity has now received its various final forms overlooks the fact that even the Romish Church, which is considered particularly conservative, has created new dogmas in every century, while older ones, certainly with less noise, were being borne to their grave; he forgets that, even in the nineteenth century, that firmly established Church has experienced more movements, struggles, and schisms than almost any other. Such a man imagines that, as the process of development is now at an end, he now holds the sum of Christianity in his hands, and from this monstrous supposition he constructs, in the piety of his heart, not only the present and the future, but also the past. Still more monstrous is the supposition that Christianity is exhausted and spent, sustained in its boundless course only by inertia; and yet more than one moral philosopher of recent times has written the obituary notice of Christianity, speaking of it as an historical experiment now over, the beginning, the middle, and the conclusion of which are capable of analytical demonstration. The error of judgment which lies at the bottom of these opposite views . . . we avoid when we distinguish the personality of Christ — that ever-gushing constant spring of the loftiest religion — from the structure which the changing religious needs, the changing mental claims of men, and — what is more important — the fundamentally different natures of dissimilar human races have erected as the law and temple of their worship.

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BISMARCK'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY PROFESSOR A. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, May* 25–28
(Swiss Republican Daily)

Germany has just made a contribution to the controversy regarding diplomatic methods now engaging the statesmen of Europe, with Poincaré and Lord Grey on one side, and Lloyd George and the Round-Table coterie on the other. If the leaders of the great conferences — from Paris to Genoa — are to conclude, from their successes and failures, whether the old fashion of continuous diplomatic intercourse, or the new fashion of periodical conversations between premiers and cabinet-leaders best promotes international welfare, they will have to compare their present experiences with diplomatic negotiations before the war. It is commonly said that the present practice resembles a family council, while the old practice was like a game of chess, where there was always a winner and a defeated party.

The contribution we mention to pre-war diplomatic history is the compilation of documents of the German Foreign Office, the first volumes of which are to be published in a few days under the title: *Foreign Policies of European Cabinets*, 1871–1914.

These give such full and frank information upon the subjects and the times of which they treat that even the hurried men of to-day will be tempted to pause a moment and devote a few hours to their perusal.

The first six volumes contain about fifteen hundred documents, including memoranda by the Imperial Chancellor, official correspondence between monarchs, instructions to diplomats, secret reports from all the great capitals, notes and protocols, expositions and secret treaties — in a word, the whole armament of diplomatic warfare. They begin with the Peace of Frankfort, and end with the last year of Bismarck's chancellorship, and they include papers by the old Chancellor and the old Kaiser; by Herbert Bismarck and Wilhelm II; by the three Bülows and almost every other distinguished German diplomat down to Bernstorff and Graf Waldersee; by the two Alexanders of Russia and their ministers and foreign representatives; by Francis Joseph, Andrassy, Tisza, and many other distinguished names from the Old Danube Monarchy; by Crispi of Italy; by Thiers and Fabre of France; by Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and every great British minister — Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, the only man who matched up to Bismarck, Rosebery, Chamberlain, shrewd Sir Charles Dilke, the brilliant, restless Randolph Churchill, and, like a shadow dancing in the sunlight wherever war or rumor of war emerged, the late Lord Derby. And among these high officials flit fugitive forms — the Battenbergs, General Boulanger, King Milan. The matters discussed ranged from the Peace of Frankfort to the Berlin Congress, the Triple Alliance, the Reinsurance Treaty, a half-dozen attempts to involve England in a Continental alliance, five successfully surmounted threats of war, the beginning of Anglo-German naval rivalry, numerous postponements of a Balkan crisis,

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the beginnings of the Entente, and the personal policy of William II — truly a notable and dramatic chapter in European history!

Overwhelming as the material itself is, it should not be allowed to overshadow the painstaking labor of editorship and the moral courage revealed by the unsparing publicity given to the truth. The three editors were permitted to scrutinize every document in the archives, even those marked doubly secret, and were authorized to select, according to their own judgment, those of primary importance for a history of our diplomacy, and to prepare them for publication according to the most exacting canons of critical and scientific scholarship.

We were selected for this task precisely because none of us had ever taken an important part in public affairs, or associated ourselves prominently with any political party. We had held no public office; we had received no honors or distinctions from either the old Government or the new. Each is supposed to be a specialist in some field. Dr. Thimme is an historian; Dr. Lepsius is a high authority upon Eastern questions; the writer has some reputation as an international jurist. However, we were not chosen primarily as technical experts, but rather as jurors drawn in a panel from the people, to perform with conscientious regard for our oath an act that touched the people's conscience.

It was, naturally, impossible for the authorities to print every paper in our foreign archives, so that the man who runs may read. It was necessary to commission someone to arrange and make selections for the people. In our choice and arrangement of these papers, we tried to avoid coloring events. We merely sought to make the connection between different documents clear; to omit nothing that really helps to show the purpose behind German foreign policies; and to change nothing whatever in the editing. The Foreign Office placed its archives absolutely at our disposal. No bureaucrat, or politician, or politics-playing historian was permitted to interfere with us. Any wish we might have felt personally to smooth over things not exactly creditable to Germany would have yielded at once to a sense of our duty to the German people. But I believe I can say frankly that no one of the editors ever cherished that wish.

Were it less imperatively necessary than it is for the truth regarding the pre-war diplomacy of Europe to be known, it would take great moral courage to throw our secret archives thus open to the world. We should bear in mind that other great Powers, — England, France, Russia, Italy, — though they have published their documents, have not made as clear a breast of things as we have done. For example, in elucidating the motives that determined foreign policy, we have printed the marginal memoranda of the Chancellor and the Kaiser. No other nation has imitated us in thus disclosing the most secret opinions and impulses of the men who guided their affairs.

In these first six volumes, the marginal memoranda of the old Kaiser are rare. Generally they give little help, though they are by no means to be neglected entirely. Bismarck's marginal notes are extremely voluminous, especially during the last ten years of his chancellorship. They betray abounding thought and vigor, and the mark of a powerful mind, quick to grasp the full bearing of a subject and to put facts in their proper place. They excite involuntary admiration, even coming, as they do, from such a man as he was.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Bismarck settled the course of our

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foreign policy in these memoranda, which were jotted down during his first reading of the reports. But, in most cases, they went far toward defining that policy. His assistants carefully studied them, and incorporated them in instructions to the ambassador from whom the original communications came. Bismarck referred to these memoranda when he composed important state documents. He also drew upon them in his letters to monarchs and ministers of other Powers.

In fact, as I review in their totality these hundreds and hundreds of marginal notes, I feel justified in saying that Bismarck's policy was strongest and wisest when he followed closely his first impressions and impulses, as here recorded with his big black pencil. It would be risky for any person to venture to formulate a consistent record of Bismarck's foreign policy from these notes, which represent his first reaction to the plans, proposals, and ideas of the statesmen and diplomatists of other countries — some hostile in intent, and all artfully designed to secure an ulterior and even disguised object. This danger would be the greater, the more confident the writer felt that he possessed a complete clue to the subject.

A second remarkable feature of Bismarck's marginalia is that they are always on the secret — the most secret — documents. Even to-day a man feels as if he were trespassing upon forbidden ground when he breaks their seal. Not one of these memoranda is unworthy of a great statesman; not one calls for a veil of official secrecy in order to spare his fame.

Naturally, Bismarck's most important marginal notes are on German documents dating from periods when we were in danger of war, or were about to conclude alliances. The Chancellor was clearly aware of the precarious character of the Triple Alliance; and when the first feelers came from Italy and Austria, he recorded his opinions in a series of notes that were uncannily prophetic. 'Italy must not dodge when we want something of her. A mere promise, moreover, is of no force, if Italy has n't a positive interest in keeping it.' When Keudell reports that a neutrality treaty with Italy would be very welcome to the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he remarks: 'Austria might keep it: Italy would not.' When Kálnoky is trying to discover some clause to insert in the treaty draft that would obligate Italy to give us active aid in case the provocative attitude of France, during a war between the Central Powers and Russia, should compel Germany or Austria to attack her, Bismarck appends the following long memorandum: —

> The case would be too subtle to prove a *casus fœderis*. If Italy is honest, and master of her own acts, she will be interested of her own motive in preventing a French victory. Our requirements hardly go further than benevolent neutrality; Italy's ability, also, is perhaps limited to this. The economizing of Austria's forces is more to the point than securing the aid of Italy's forces.

Bismarck also jotted down his doubts regarding the proposed treaty, in a memorandum of his interview with the Italian Ambassador, Count Launay, on January 31, 1882. In it he recurs to his earlier marginal notes: —

> I emphasized the difficulty of incorporating in the hard and fast lines of a treaty our mutually friendly sentiments. A wording that will satisfy all our wishes will be difficult to find; I would not trust myself to draft such a document as Count Launay suggests. The implications of such avowals are difficult to define in principle, and they are likely, for this reason, to involve the parties more deeply than they originally intended, and for more than they are authorized to obligate their own Governments to perform. In what sort of case would Italy find herself, if Germany, for instance, con-

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scious of having the full power of the Italian army behind it, and Austria, should, on the occasion of some controversy which we do not now foresee, make an unprovoked attack upon France?

Improbable as this may appear, we cannot deny that there would be a temptation, if we had a written alliance guaranteeing us definite military support, to use that alliance for a selfish purpose and to exercise the power it confers, although our vital interests might not be threatened. Who can guarantee that Italy might not be induced by parliamentary pressure to undertake adventures, sooner or later, on the North Coast of Africa or elsewhere, that perhaps should be avoided in the interest of peace, and would not be undertaken if her Cabinet could not count upon the aid of Germany? Similar possibilities are not to be disregarded in the case of Russia and Austria in the Balkans and elsewhere.

Similar memoranda, indicating a desire to restrain the eagerness of Austria, Hungary, and Italy to extend their territories, keep recurring. On October 26, 1886, Bismarck prophesies that Italy and France will make a bargain in the Mediterranean, in which Italy will draw Tripoli for her prize. On October 24, 1887, he recognizes the instinctive hostility of Italy toward Austria, and observes: 'It would take English glue to hold Austria and Italy together.' He commends Italy for being honest enough to sacrifice her ambition, while Austria merely hides hers. He repeatedly emphasizes Germany's purely defensive attitude, and has no use for the idea of a preventive war.

When Kálnoky wrote to Berlin, on January 12, 1888, that he must consider 'in what way, under such and such circumstances, it might be possible and advisable to declare war against Russia,' Bismarck notes: 'Possible, yes; advisable, never, so long as it can be avoided by diplomatic means.' When the danger of war between Russia and Austria was most acute, in January 1888, Bismarck went so far as to interfere with Austria's military preparations, and to advise her urgently to take a strictly defensive stand. If she adopted an aggressive attitude before the war proved unavoidable, she would be likely to provoke one.

Bismarck's conviction that the Great Powers must stand together for the maintenance of peace is repeated over and over again. On November 11, 1887, he writes: 'We cannot do without either Austria or England as effective Powers of the first rank, if we are to exist ourselves.' He wrote the same thing of France on another occasion, and likewise of Russia. Their position as Great Powers must not be impaired. When Crown Prince William showed an inclination to agree with a Vienna suggestion, that a preventive war against Russia might be a good thing, Bismarck jotted upon the margin, opposite the phrase, 'to crush Russia's power before she becomes dangerous,' 'That is not so easy. To win a victory over Russia would not crush her, but merely give us an angry and revengeful neighbor on the east.'

Even a mere short interjection often contains a whole lecture on Foreign Policy. On October 21, 1876, Gortchakoff sent Bismarck a communication in which he tried to disguise Russia's interests as 'European questions.' When he alluded, in this memorandum, to 'the dignity of my Empire,' Bismarck wrote on the margin, 'European question?' He answered Russia's argument that she should be given Europe's mandate to interfere in Turkey, thus: 'No; not as mandatary, but, of course, as a neighbor.' When it was reported to him that the Austrian ambassador in Rome had been instructed 'as said to cultivate peaceful relations,' Bismarck wrote opposite these words: 'What else should he do? Drum up business?'

Again, when Russia complained, in connection with the negotiations for a

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three-empire alliance, in 1884, that her policy 'in regard to action against Turkey' would be subject to Germany's and Austria's consent, while the latter Powers reserved a free hand against France, Bismarck was brief and to the point: 'We have no intention of taking measures against anyone; our plans are purely defensive.' When the English Government referred to the headstrong attitude of Cape Colony, during her first friction with Germany over South Africa, one of Bismarck's marginal comments, dated June 7, 1884, anticipated the most recent political developments in the British Empire — those of 1921: 'That is not true, and does not concern us. If it were true, it would be our duty to keep a legation at the capital of every British Colony.' When Randolph Churchill proposed an alliance with Germany, he said to the German Ambassador: 'We two might govern the world.' Bismarck commented dryly on this expression: '"We two" are not enough.' Our military attaché at Vienna, Count Wedel, reported an interview, in January 1887, with Emperor Francis Joseph, whom he found depressed on account of the tension between Austria and Russia. Bismarck's marginal memorandum was: 'Better depressed than jubilant.'

In the days of the great Chancellor, no one was permitted to trespass upon what he considered his Jupiter rights. When the Crown Prince once indulged in several youthful and violent marginal comments, Bismarck promptly forbade it. That may have been one of the remote reasons for the later hostility between the two men. Bismarck insisted on the Chancellor's right to be 'the supreme civilian power,' not only against the military, but even against his sovereign. When the old Kaiser expressed himself contemptuously about English foreign policy, in a conversation with the French Ambassador, in May 1897, because Great Britain had not loyally helped to localize the war between Turkey and Russia, but instead had held off until Berlin called her to time and insisted upon her observing the neutrality she promised, Bismarck protested vigorously, and laid down the law to his old master, through Secretary von Bülow. Bülow reported that the Kaiser got more excited over the incident than over anything else that had ever come to his attention; 'especially over what I said as to the necessity of having witnesses present, and of not anticipating his responsible adviser in his letters, telegrams, and political remarks. He was very energetic in his protests; he never wrote letters without your Eminence's knowledge. But no monarch could permit restrictions upon his oral intercourse with foreigners. Your Eminence must know very well that he was always prudent in such conversation, and that during his long life he had been consistently faithful and trustworthy. As to the particular incident in question, it was impossible to convince His Majesty that England's attitude did not justify some blame.' Bismarck commented upon this: 'And if that were true, are we the ones to do the blaming? Will that help Germany any?'

Similarly, in July 1877, when someone proposed an overture to England, through the Duke of Edinburgh, Bismarck objected: 'I anticipate only the disturbance of our relations with England, and no practical progress toward peace, from such roundabout appeals to royal influence, over the heads of the English ministers.' Nevertheless, Bismarck had a deep appreciation of the old Kaiser's wisdom and prudence. All that the Chancellor himself did for the preservation of peace was no more than William I enjoined, on May 16, 1875, in his comments upon

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an article submitted to him that dealt with the relations between Germany and France: —

I endorse this article from A to Z. Only the final paragraph, especially the place I have marked with a query, savors somewhat of the German boastfulness that has become fashionable of late. If France plans to keep the peace only until she has restored her army, we ought not to let her decide when she shall strike her blow, but we should take the initiative ourselves, and fight France before she is prepared to defend herself. Such a measure might have some justification between individuals, but not between Governments. To fight a successful war, the attacking party must have the sympathy of all generous-minded men and countries, and public opinion must be overwhelmingly hostile to the other party. That was the secret of our enthusiasm in Germany in 1870. A Government that seizes arms without justification will have public opinion against it; will win no allies; will be favored by no benevolent neutrality. In fact, it will have no neutrals, but only enemies. I put the matter this way to the Tsar Alexander. He grasped both my hands and endorsed my sentiment most whole-heartedly. (Russia learned that lesson between 1853 and 1856, and Austria learned it in 1859 to 1866.)

Is it too much to hope that our statesmen and those of our citizens who aspire to have an influence upon our foreign policy will draw wisdom from these documents? Or is Salisbury's remark, when Bismarck's proposal for an open peace alliance between Germany and England, in 1889, was rejected, to apply likewise to the people of our day: 'This generation can only be taught by event'?

THE LAST HAPSBURG

BY BJÖRN BJÖRNSON

[*The following account of an interview with ex-Emperor Charles, shortly after he ascended the throne, has recently been published with other reminiscences by this distinguished Norwegian novelist.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, May* 28
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

THE late Emperor Charles was a man of a remarkably winning personality. I can well imagine that his unhappy wife, doomed to go through life without him, must feel as if the sun had ceased to shine in heaven. I have not in mind, when I say this, her ambition, — which was much greater than that of her husband, — but what she must feel as a woman.

I was at Vienna early in the summer of 1917, and was invited to take breakfast with Count Czernin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His beautiful wife, several members of his family, and some gentlemen in official life were present. The conversation was lively and interspersed with anecdotes, both humorous and serious. But the Minister himself seemed preoccupied with his own thoughts and I surmised that some Pan-German attack had put him out of sorts. Good Lord, I thought, is n't he used to that? And with this

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idea in my mind, I asked him whether he could discuss government business unreservedly with the young monarch, and whether the latter was quick to comprehend public affairs. He smiled and said: 'Would you like to meet him — our young ruler?'

Of course I was delighted. I had been hearing on every side expressions of the high hopes which the people had conceived of him. The whole material future seemed to centre around the young Emperor, for the youthful Charles was like spring — he was like the beginning of a new summer. At least this was the feeling with which people regarded him. They were pleased with him and trusted him. His good intentions were unquestioned. He convinced them of this. Nor did he produce this impression by magniloquence and grand gestures, but by his simple, pleasant manners. Professor Tandler, a provincial Socialist, told me how he was called on the telephone one morning in his study.

'Karl speaking.'

'What Karl?'

'Kaiser-König Karl.'

The Social Democrat very naturally thought there must be some mistake, but this proved not to be the case. The monarch said: 'You have delivered so many lectures upon the proper constitution for a reformed Austria-Hungary that I should like to learn more personally of your ideas on the subject. Won't you call on me?'

Naturally the professor was only too willing. So he went out to Laxenburg. It was a great success, even more than a success in Tandler's opinion. The situation was most original. The professor set forth his views as he would in a lecture. While he was speaking, the monarch interrupted: 'Wait a moment. My wife must hear this. It will interest her.' So the Empress joined them. They sent for pencils and notebooks and sat like two young students writing down industriously what they considered the professor's important points.

I was naturally much interested in the young sovereign's immense popularity. Charles's name seemed to sing through the air like the tones of a harp, to which all listened. For a short time the new melody almost made them forget the thunder that had been deafening their ears so long — the thunder of the cannon on the front. In any case, that seemed less threatening for the moment. It was 1917 and the people still had hope. Charles had enjoyed unusual popularity from the time he was Crown Prince. But this was not a mystical enthusiasm. The public did not regard him as they did Francis Ferdinand, like a person emerging from a gloomy vault to the chanting of monks, with threatening clouds lowering over his future path.

Francis Ferdinand affected the people like the chill of death. They shivered when they thought of him. But the young Charles smiled on everyone. As Crown Prince he had served in the front trenches with the common soldiers — a comrade among comrades.

Laxenburg — the palace — a great yellow structure dating from 1600. It lies in the fairest English park of Europe. Attendants led me through many little rooms with niches and corners and the faded gorgeousness of olden days. In the room occupied by the officers of the Guard, I met several army commanders, including the Chief of the General Staff. The attendant who was guiding me said: 'Keep on your overcoat; we 're going out into the park.'

In a broad glade near a round white table, a young officer, in a great blue military overcoat and with a soft military cap on his blonde hair, stood waiting. It was the Emperor, King Charles.

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He extended his hand to me and held mine fast for a moment.

His smile testified to his sunny disposition and immediately put the visitor at ease. It mirrored his vigorous youth and kindly heart. It was one of those smiles that was there because it must be. He needed no title to inspire affection. The effect of that smile was to make one forget 'Your Majesty' and to regard him only as a man. Did it betray weakness? Rather uncertainty. I was impressed by this at my first glance. He was not robust enough. If he only felt surer of his knowledge and his resolution. He often wavered and was easily influenced. Personally he was brave and self-sacrificing — he proved that many times. His grayish-blue eyes were even gentler than his smile. They were merry, trusting, and cordial; and they seemed always to be asking questions. In that they were typical of his whole life, which was one of inquiring action.

We sat in the bright sunshine. Even the big trees near us did not cut off its rays. Several children were playing a short distance away.

'Our children.'

'How many?'

Charles smiled. 'Six so far. There will be more eventually. I love children — We,' he corrected, smiling. . . . 'Is Norway beautiful? Yes, I know it is — but a bit gloomy — or is n't it?' He laughed, a trifle disconcerted.

'Norway is a land of great varieties,' I replied, 'both gentle and stern.'

'In all the countries that I now rule —' He started to say something but checked himself and looked at me mournfully, shaking his head. Then he suddenly drew closer to me and raised his hand, spreading his fingers out like a fan. 'Do you know how many countries and peoples I now rule?' And he began to count them off on his fingers. He had to pass to his other hand, for one was not enough.

'Just think for a moment of the conditions under which I ascended the throne — in the midst of an accursed war, which I hate. They never could have made me declare war. I should have said, "No."'

I believed him. He would have been able to say 'No' in that instance. The weakest natures are often the most persistent in passive resistance.

'If you could review with your mind's eye all of my countries, you would admit that there are no more beautiful places in the world. It is a delight to me just to think of them. And now this misery engulfs us on every side. Perverse politics are responsible for it all. I have told that to Tisza. It is literally a "pig war." It really started over Serbian pig exports. Their hatred for us began right there. That made it easy for the Russians to fan the flame of hatred in Serbia until it resulted in the horrible killing of Francis Ferdinand. I want peace, as soon as it is possible — yes, earlier than that — I tell you,' and he moved still nearer. 'All these princes, and presidents, and ministers have not been in the front trenches the way I have. Soldiers have been killed right at my side. I went out there right into the midst of it. I know what war is and therefore what peace is worth.'

He was so carried away by his thoughts that he lapsed into the Vienna dialect. An honest, honorable, generous-hearted young man, sincerely outraged by the conditions into which he was involuntarily plunged. I could not help telling him that and saying how much it gratified me that he felt as he did.

He smiled. 'Yes, I act as I feel. I don't think I am vain. I was brought up very simply — not as a crown prince. I have always seemed just the

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same to myself. The old, stiff, starched court etiquette is going to be done away with, root and branch.'

But he returned at once to public policies. 'They are talking now of Middle Europe as a sort of natural unit, which after the war is to stand aloof from the other nations against which we are now fighting. Naumann is all for that sort of thing. They 're talking it in Vienna now. They imagine that I can never be a friend of France. The very day the war ends I shall be her friend. I am going to do my best to abolish this hatred between nations.' Again he was all fire and flame. 'The future's worth something, is n't it? We must understand, learn, and consider what others have to say.'

'But all princes cannot do that.'

He nodded his head slightly: 'Do you mean — William?'

I laughed: 'Yes and no. I never have talked with the German Kaiser. I never saw him.'

He suddenly turned more serious and a far-away look came into his eyes. After a moment's pause he said: 'William cannot endure to hear others say things that he does not himself think. I have often told him that, during the war, conditions in his own country are not what he imagines them to be. But he just waves his arms and gets wild. He "knows better." That means, he knows better only what he wants to know. He will read nothing that does not agree with his personal views. He contents himself with reading clippings from the newspapers which his official suite select for him. They take good care to see that there is nothing unpleasant among those. I do quite the contrary. I read all the leading newspapers through, the socialist as well as the bourgeois.' Then his thoughts suddenly jumped to a new subject; and without any connection with what he had just said, he looked at me sharply and inquired: 'Do you believe in the submarine campaign?'

'I am only a layman in those matters. I know nothing about them, but my instinct says no.'

He smiled: 'We have only one single submarine. Anyway, it's nothing to laugh about. It is tragic enough, this d——d war! A German Admiral, Von Holtzendorf, has been visiting me and has fairly overwhelmed me with his talk and demonstrations. I must look into the thing.' He sighed and, leaning back, gazed up into the sky. Then he inquired abruptly: 'Are you an artist?'

I told him about the days way back in the seventies when I lived in Vienna and studied at the Conservatory.

'Yes, yes,' he said, 'those were fine old times. No,' and he gave himself a slight shake, 'surely no one ever ascended a throne in worse times.'

We chatted a little longer and, when he stood up, I said: 'Some time later I shall write something about my audience to-day, but not yet.'

'Keep that until I am old.'

'I'll be dead and buried before then,' I answered with a smile.

'But surely not — neither of us,' he laughed, and shook my hand warmly — the winning smile still lighting up his face and eyes.

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A LETTER TO MAKSIM GOR'KII

BY VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

[*About a year ago, when the appalling extent of the Russian famine first became apparent, Maksim Gor'kii wrote a letter to Vladimir Korolenko, the great Russian writer, who died last Christmas, asking him to coöperate with the Soviet Government in fighting the famine. At the same time, a Nonpartisan Famine Relief Committee, which was soon after dispersed by the Soviet Government, asked Korolenko to become its honorary president. Following is the text of Korolenko's reply to Gor'kii, which has just been published in the Paris* Posliedniya Novosti, *a Russian daily newspaper, edited by Paul Milyukov,* May 13, 1922.]

I AM very ill at the present time. My nervousness has taken a turn for the worse, and my general condition has been aggravated by a severe attack of influenza. Nevertheless, I have just written to the comrades who have chosen me Honorary President of the Relief Committee, and I shall try to do everything I can. But you can readily understand that my strength and energy are not what they used to be.

It seems to me that you are wrong, when you ascribe utterly sinister and criminal motives to the masses of the Russian refugees abroad in their attitude toward this overwhelming misfortune. And the misfortune that gathers around us is truly frightful and unparalleled. A year ago, we saw crowds of starving people moving blindly into Ukraine from the northern provinces. The men placed their families on wagons, harnessed themselves for horses, and the mournful procession crept toward the south, in the hope of finding there the great plenty of which they had heard. Most of them were stopped on the way and turned back. Now the misfortune has unfolded itself on a tremendous scale. Nothing like it has taken place since the days of the early Romanovs.

And Russia is almost as helpless in the face of the present misfortune as she was then.

You say that in your opinion our refugees abroad, as a mass, will hinder the work of relief, rather than assist it. I think that you are mistaken. It will require criminal malice worthy of the Black Hundred for that to take place, and I am convinced that the masses of the refugees are not capable of that. To me the whole situation appears in a quite different light.

For example, I consider that the murder of Shingaryov and Kokoshkin was just as great a crime as the murder of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht,[1] and the fact that in neither case were the murderers punished is to me an equally indelible disgrace. We interrupted the progress of our revolution by not admitting at once that humaneness should have constituted its very basis. We have had a traditional conception of the 'Great' French Revolution as having succeeded solely because it employed the instrument of the Terror. But the eminent socialist historian Michelet assures us that the French Revolution failed precisely because of it.

Our imperial régime was unique in many regards. Our stupid tsars in-

[1] Shingaryov and Kokoshkin were two ministers of the Provisional Government, arrested by the Bolsheviki upon their accession to power and murdered in a hospital soon after their arrest; Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht were German Communists, similarly murdered after their arrest by the first Revolutionary Government of Germany. — TRANSLATOR.

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sisted on keeping Russia entirely outside all forms of political progress. Our ideas of progress had to develop in the guise of conspiracies as a result of that; and it was thus that the imperial régime itself had prepared its own downfall. Then Russia bowed down before the Terror. In my opinion, this was just as senseless and stupid as what had happened under the tsars.

Our revolutionary leaders have forgotten completely that over a century has elapsed since the French Revolution, and that through that period Europe did not live in vain. She has experienced that contact and conflict of opinion, out of which emerges new social and political truth. I do not deny that both Europe and America have, on some points, reached the stage at which a solution is impossible without a sharp conflict. But both Europe and America have a long practice of political action.

And we? We have passed from one form of violence and oppression to another. We are operating under an 'administrative order' which deals out the death penalty without a trial.

New truths and all forward movement can emerge only out of contact and conflict of opinion. And everything that ceases to move dies and decomposes. The present rulers of Russia imagine that they stand at the head of the Social Revolution. As a matter of fact, they stand at the head of a dying country. This rapid death is apparent in the simplest processes of national existence: men cease to work, and the very elementary interchange of the life-giving sap ceases to exist in the whole organism.

All this I attempted to show in my letters to Lunacharskii.[2] Incidentally, I have received no reply to these letters; not even a plain acknowledgment that they have reached their destination.

In short, instead of achieving liberty, we are still proceeding along the old path: one form of oppression has supplanted another. This is all the 'liberty' we have.

Of course, I shall do everything I can. I shall prepare an appeal, but that will take me a few days. However, since I have been elected to serve on the Committee, I cannot give out anything, except through the Committee. The most I can do is to send you a copy of the appeal at the same time that I send it to the Committee.

Days of utmost difficulty are dawning for us, and we must all act in common. Otherwise, failure is inevitable.

I foretold all this in my letters to Lunacharskii. If our intelligentsia will continue to act without harmony, then whatever we attempt will be inexorably doomed. And it is necessary that the 'Government' should exhibit the first example of unification.[3]

[2] A series of six letters, addressed to the Soviet Commissar of Education, A. V. Lunacharskii, excerpts from which, in an English translation, were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June 1922.

[3] It was almost as if in answer to this letter that the Soviet Government dispersed the Relief Committee of which Korolenko was the Honorary President and arrested some of its active leaders, who are still in prison. — TRANSLATOR.

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FRANCE AND AMERICAN OPINION

BY B. FAŸ

From *Le Correspondant, May 25*
(Liberal Catholic Bimonthly)

It is harder to be impartial where the United States are concerned than it is with any other country in the world. There is something in American heartiness that either attracts or repels at the first encounter; it always stirs a feeling of some kind, whether it creates attraction or antipathy.

You cannot move through this great country without being struck by the place that has been yielded, almost without a struggle, to human life and human happiness. From New York to Chicago, from Chicago to San Francisco, as the train rolls along and the hours pass, one never encounters even one of those insurmountable obstacles that give civilization pause. The Alleghenies of the eastern coast and the Rockies of the western coast form a gigantic frame, but they are not limits, and only sixty hours by rail divide them. Here it is that modern America has taken shape. Here it has found its place and established itself, never ceasing to conquer, without the necessity of any save comparatively mild combats with ignorant Indians and with mere space. Under such conditions the very idea of a frontier was absurd. . . .

This is the one great difference between Europe and America: the vastness of things — cities, fields, and territory. Union is not the achievement of logic and adaptation that it is in France, but a product of the very soil itself. From the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghenies, the wind circulates in free blasts without anything to stop it. Thoughts and feelings spread there in waves so great that one cannot determine their centre and so quickly that their origin remains undiscovered.

An intoxication, the outcome of territorial expanse and of unity, imposes upon the individual a special idealism and a tendency to accept whatever is generally believed. Not only will each one desire to think like all the others, but he will see no reason to deny anything that a great number accepts, and he will readily believe whatever is told him. Since life has always been easier and more comfortable for the masses in the United States than in Europe, they have less bitterness, less skepticism, and less of the critical spirit.

This taste for the immense and this spirit of tolerance reappear in the moral domain as well as in that of the intellect and of business. There are pessimists in America as everywhere, but general feeling and good form require a man to believe in the good rather than in the bad, not to criticize and not even to examine the character of those with whom he lives. There is a real absence of crookedness among the Americans, though to a certain degree this is offset by the violence of their instincts and their habit of acting without thinking. There is a kind of optimistic hypocrisy, strange and new to anyone used to the perpetual recriminations and the keen pessimistic hypocrisy of the Old World. This optimism is like a powerful mainspring in the American soul. The two worst adjectives you can apply to a student

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or a young artist are 'cynical' and 'blasé.'

On the other hand, there is no praise greater than to call a young man 'keen.' This word touches the serious side of the American, his ardor, and his sense for what is real. These are, indeed, the great preoccupations of American opinion; the intoxication with unity and the universal tolerance are little more than negative qualities, if the taste for action and the cult of productiveness are not added to them. One of the most amazing things in the New World was to see my friends, even the most intelligent and the most refined, unable to endure leisure or to make any use of it. Far from enjoying its varied charms, leisure appeared to them like a veritable Siva, a god of ruin.

Hence comes the prestige of New York, the city of the most furious, the most violent, and the hardest work. Hence, also comes the prestige of Paris, the city of pleasure in its keenest forms, sharp and perpetually renewed, so that it seems almost as good as work. Every American I ever knew, who amounted to anything, wanted to leave some material impression behind him, and especially to manage things and men, with which great modern enterprises are carried out. The mass of high buildings in New York, the accumulation of human energy, excited them as a temple of perfect form must have stirred the Greeks of the fourth century. They were ready to take up any kind of action provided that it was keen enough, and that it would produce tangible results. A kind of religious enthusiasm seized them when they confronted virgin lands and new cities where a man really had a chance to create afresh and not merely to transform as in our Old World. No collaboration, no comparison: there is the immediate and complete expression of the constructor without control and without calculation.

You feel this joy as you move through New York and Chicago. Nothing is stranger for a European than to see all these forms imitated or copied from French, Italian, English, and Russian models, but put together according to a new rhythm. They become interesting only when the architect has let himself be carried away and has given himself up to his American taste for the material, for quantity, for unity — in other words, for everything that is true, tangible, and perceptible to the senses, which we should call unsound and obvious.

The United States have copied Europe as a whole and have rendered themselves like it so that they might have in their spirit and their material fabric more means of action and more inexhaustible resources. You find here an amazing example of the way in which the United States have been served by their tolerance and their ambition. If they had been willing to take fewer civilizations to themselves, we should care less for them, and we should have less reason to expect a great future from them.

Yet we must understand the qualities that link them to us and it is necessary to take account of their fundamental characteristics when we want to discuss world events in the United States or with Americans. American public opinion is one of the most important elements in international politics. It alone can determine the policy of the United States; and by its mass and its sturdy organization, it has an influence upon the world as a whole. With its immense newspapers of twenty and thirty pages, the biggest in the whole world; with its news-gathering and reporting agencies that cover the whole world, the Associated Press, the United Press, and the rest; above all

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with the intimate connection that exists between Government and press, American opinion is to-day dominant in international journalism. The English press may be cleverer, but it is far from being as powerful.

Where is there a country whose foreign minister spends an hour every morning with the newspaper men and entrusts to them a good many of the secret details of his policy, only asking them to be careful what use they make of what he tells them. . . .

The work of the newspapers is all the more effective because from year to year, under the influence of the rising cost of paper and the business crisis, American journalism is concentrating itself and becoming the property of larger and more centralized syndicates. In five years a series of consolidations has brought things to such a pass that the American newspapers are nothing but the branches of four or five enormous syndicates. The principal ones are: the Curtis group, which owns the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and furnishes European and Asiatic news to the best American newspapers; the New York *Times* and the numerous sheets associated with it — the Boston *Herald* and the Chattanooga *Times*, for example; the Chicago *Tribune* and its innumerable dependents, among which is the New York *Daily News* that prints five hundred thousand copies each day; the Munsey group with the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald;* and finally the Hearst group, which has a newspaper in every big city of the United States. Every one of these organizations supplies other papers which depend on it for national and international news, reporting, cartoons, and sometimes even articles. . . .

As a matter of fact, the Government of the United States needs the press. The success of the Republicans in 1920 was a triumph but it was no guaranty of stability. It was the result of one of those waves of opinion that are so quick in subsiding. It was the product of alliances between groups which it is difficult to make work together. Finally it was aided by the discontent with the Government that a crisis always stirs up, although the crisis has by no means disappeared since that time.

No doubt the United States desired to obviate the danger that might develop through an Anglo-Japanese alliance at the very time when Japan was actively engaged in developing an army. But it might have been done without calling a great conference.

That was mainly a matter of making a great show in order to display the wisdom, humanity, and pacific spirit of Mr. Harding's Government, and thus to prove to the voters that economies were being carried out and the danger of war diminished. There was also a desire to give a discreet knock on the head to the League of Nations, which, though it might be without international significance, still had a good deal of popularity in the United States, and might at the next elections stir up discussions that would be disagreeable for the Republicans, especially those like Mr. Hughes who had formerly declared for it.

These two questions, the fear of Japan and concern with internal policies, are enough to explain the French failure at Washington. No doubt it is useless to say that we suffered a check there. It is generally admitted in France; to tell the truth, the importance of the failure is even exaggerated.

I am not speaking here from the diplomatic point of view, which I do not know, for I was not in Washington during the Conference; but I have traveled over the whole extent of the United States from New York to San Francisco and from New Orleans to Buffalo. I

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have been able to study with great exactness the reaction of public opinion in all parts of America's territory between December 1, 1921, and April 1, 1922.

When I reached the United States there was an apparent calm with regard to everything that concerned France. M. Briand's speech had stirred up little comment. People said that it might be better; but M. Briand had a certain personal popularity due to the fact that he was considered the only French politician capable of subduing the militaristic spirit of the nation; and yet fault was already being found with our delegation because of its lack of politeness and consideration. The month of December, which saw the discussion over the tonnage of the principal Powers and France's demands for a tonnage essentially like that of Japan, led to an array of shields against us in the press. It was clear that the great newspaper syndicates were hostile to us, for all the newspapers used the same phrases and the same threats.

The last five days of December were really terrible. In vain I traveled twelve hours by rail every night, for I was sure to find the next morning in the city where I got out a cartoon representing France setting fire to the world or gathering up the submarines and the crimes that Germany had abandoned. On December 29, when I got to St. Louis, the first thing that I saw was a newspaper in which a cartoon was displayed. It consisted of a submarine periscope just emerging from the sea and bearing a flag on which was written: '*Vive la France. Spurlos versenkt.*' It was signed 'Fitzpatrick,' and for ten days this man had a new cartoon on that theme every day. . . .

It is true that a tendency to love France and a traditional friendship for France exist in the United States; but it would be a mistake to say that everybody over there likes us or that anybody likes everything we do; and the most absurd thing of all is to think that the United States constantly prefer us to any other nation. The American people with their varied origins have a national psychology that is complex, and a sensibility that is very rich and sometimes contradictory. It is approached from all sides by old friends, relatives, former enemies, all ready to bestow infinite tenderness upon it in return for its money or even for its good graces. Last year I took part in a celebration to commemorate the founding of the United States and their development. More than thirty nations were represented there and took their place in the ranks of the family of nations, although several of them had never been on the map at all. Perhaps we have not done enough to maintain our friendship and to keep it alive. On the first of March, of this year, there was not a single French journalist in the United States. We have no information about events in America except the dispatches of news agencies or news that comes from English, German, or Italian sources. This winter there was not a single professional French journalist who could get his articles accepted in the American newspapers and who, during February and March, could send authentic information on American opinion.

We have had lecturers and travelers, some of whom have been real successes — men like Marshal Foch who, as everyone told me, was a great success; but after all, that is nothing but a sentimental outburst. Every traveler, every lecturer, arrives supplied with his bundles of news and opinions, which have no relationship to those of preceding lecturers, and addresses a French audience in his own way, which is in general pretty vague. M. Lauzanne, M. Viviani, and some other political

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leaders send articles to a number of American newspapers, and this, to be sure, is greatly to be desired; but it has no great value, for the official or semi-official state of affairs in France is known and these men are regarded in America merely as lawyers pleading a case.

Far more important, their articles are printed under titles that the authors do not choose and that often completely change the sense. Sometimes there are clever commentaries by the side of the article which twist it from its purpose and its application. I remember reading in the Baltimore *Sun* a fine column from M. Tardieu in which he criticized the proposed Genoa Conference as Mr. Bonomi had presented it, as well as the rather disturbing pretension of the Italian Prime Minister to establish peace on a solid basis, although three years before the Treaty of Versailles had been signed for that very purpose. Next day this same newspaper printed a little article at its head with this title, 'The Danger of Peace!' saying that M. Tardieu blames M. Bonomi for having wanted to establish peace on a solid basis, but his argument was unconvincing; and then, by a cleverly clipped quotation from the article of the day before, the *Sun* gave the impression that M. Tardieu and his party in France simply wanted to keep Europe from having a durable peace.

Such correspondence from France, dispatched to newspapers that cannot be controlled, does not do our country very much good. It creates new misunderstandings. The reason why it is so difficult to manipulate public opinion is that one must understand so perfectly all the elements that go to make it up. Success and failure here have so little to do with the facts in the case. During my stay in Chicago that winter, when things were at their worst, I hardly had the courage to read a single newspaper. They were so thoroughly turned against us.

To tell the truth, all propaganda is distrusted and detested by Americans, and yet the propaganda that was turned against us was very well received because it was so long-established and so thoroughly prepared. It was based on a complete understanding of American psychology. It was all the stronger because, in general, it did not come from our recognized enemies, the Germans, but from our faithful allies, the English, and they employed men who were known to be favorable to us, like Earl Balfour, or even journalists who had formerly worked hand in hand with the French Mission in Washington, like Lord Riddell. Why not recognize that where propaganda is concerned, perfidy is one of the most powerful arms, as well as one of the most dangerous for whoever uses it if he makes a false step? The facts that I can expose here ought to prove it.

During the three years in which I have known the United States, English propaganda there has developed marvelously. In spite of German and pro-German hostility, in spite of Irish hate, in spite of the dislike of all the working classes, England has come to be considered in the United States as the only European nation which is now in a reasonable frame of mind and with which one can carry on discussions. To be sure, the community in religion and, in a certain measure, a common past make this work easier, but British diplomacy has known how to play its part.

The English effort has tended in two general directions: to establish English sentiment in the higher classes of society, and as far as possible, to direct American liberal opinion by means of the newspapers and magazines. There has not been a single year when England did not send to the United States some brilliant man of the world capable

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of producing a favorable impression. The visit of the Prince of Wales in 1920 was a triumph. The wave of cultivated English lecturers never ceases to flow across the United States from the dull and harmless Lord Dunsany to the tiresome Cosmo Hamilton, the stepbrother of the famous war correspondent, Sir Philip Gibbs.

These people were so well received that they used to come regularly to the United States every year or every other year, and England took care to keep up this custom during the war and to organize this propaganda on solid foundations. The qualities required in these travelers are an English accent, good manners, and orthodox opinions. Their importance is great for they enter the clubs, ballrooms, drawing-rooms, and all the places where the opinions of the middle and fashionable classes are formed.

The friends of Mr. Lloyd George have worked in another realm, aided by radicals, socialists, and sometimes even bycommunists. Mr. Maynard Keynes's book, distributed to the extent of thirty thousand copies in the United States, thanks to an understanding between the English and American publishers, and Wells's *Outline of History* — a work whose only remarkable characteristic is that it contains the greatest number of inaccurate facts and statements that the world has ever seen printed under the pretense of history — are the most notorious examples of English radical propaganda in the United States. . . .

Even in 1922 it may be said that journalism does not play the part in French life that it does in English life. A four-page newspaper gives us every morning all that we want to know, whereas an Englishman must have twelve or sixteen pages and an American, twenty pages. With them the newspaper has become a reflex. With us, it is still an art. I make this statement without either pride or shame.

Besides its other efforts, the English Government has found means to arrange or to facilitate an immense dispersion of English newspapers in America. More than two-thirds of the European news published in American dailies comes from London or Manchester. This is true even of comments on the events of the Old World. . . .

In France we imagine that a Government carries out its foreign policy all by itself in the silence of a statesmen's cabinet, at least with definite combinations, complicated and mysterious. That is false, at least so far as the United States are concerned. Their foreign policy is ruled by opinion. It follows the changes of the public will. It relies for guidance on feelings, interests, ideas that depend not on the Government, but on individuals. It is the parties that dictate foreign policy. It is the local politicians that impose their own programme on the parties and it is the desires of individuals that put pressure upon the local politicians. The American Government is always the prisoner of some party or other. In these discussions with the American Government, ours has not the right to recognize parties and individuals so that it cannot work to very good effect.

It is rather everyone of us Frenchmen, as individuals, as members of professions, clubs, or social classes, that can really do something. For our Government will only stimulate coördination and help along our efforts. We can ask nothing more of it and it cannot do anything more.

All propaganda that might come directly from our Government would be suspected, would stir up a scandal, and would injure us. The American people have always hated and distrusted the intrigues of foreign Gov-

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ernments, and those methods did not succeed in German hands between 1914 and 1917.

The strength of English propaganda lies in the fact that it is individual, industrial, literary, fashionable, and never seems official at all. I have never seen it use the dangerous weapon of corruption. Its great strength is comradery. It patiently creates millions of links between individuals of every kind, joined by a spirit of good will and good fellowship — a kind of huge Freemasonry. It tries to produce an Anglo-American understanding characterized by harmonious sentiments and a single moral and intellectual culture.

The struggle that is now going on in America is bitter, for it is a struggle between rival civilizations. The United States, which are about to become the most powerful people of the world, have their path to choose: either to give themselves up to Anglo-Saxon culture and impose it on the world, basing it on the origin of their first colonies and the people's past; or else to set up an original civilization of their own drawn from all the civilizations of the world, especially those of Europe, and conforming to its immense, generous, and cosmopolitan aspirations.

The latter solution is the more difficult and yet it is the only worthy one. For the United States to renounce it would be to renounce their future greatness and to turn toward a caste-spirit that would sacrifice seventy million Americans who are not Anglo-Saxons to sixty million Americans who are Anglo-Saxons. When the United States understand the terms of the dilemma they will not hesitate, and they cannot hesitate, but there are few to-day who see clearly the problem that stands before them. As a rule they think that everything can be reduced to an economic struggle.

In the American universities, France is neither despised nor misunderstood. Our situation there remains excellent. Men like President Butler or President Lowell express all that is highest in American education; and the students themselves, whom I saw by hundreds last winter, never cease to look toward us as a home of light and leading. Paris, too, is a place of pilgrimage for American artists who feel themselves confused or discouraged and, indeed, for all who desire to create.

Our Government might help us to care for them, but it cannot help us to interest them and link them to us. And yet that is the most efficacious propaganda. In the same way, our newspapers are perhaps more responsible for our failure at Washington than M. Briand. If they had been interested in the United States, if they had had correspondents in America, we should not have been at the mercy of the English press, and we should have been able to understand something of what was going on in the New World.

It would not be very difficult to get results, but we cannot gain any influence over the United States if we neglect their psychology, if we consider it the proper thing to send to them worn out artists whom we do not want any more, old-fashioned pictures, musicians past their prime, fagged out politicians, lecturers who are no longer successful, professors in need of a rest, — and Gounod's *Faust!*

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STRAWS

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

When the straws by the curbstone lie all the one way
You know very well what the log books will say —
Hard winds in the Channel from Falmouth to Deal,
And tankers that ache through their coatings of steel;

Wind East by Northeast blowing sleet on the brine,
Slow tankers in travail from Humber to Tyne,
And captains that swear by the Lord they'd give thanks
For a barge out of Runcorn untroubled of tanks.

When with straws that are woven and ribboned you make
A screen for your head lest your eyeballs should ache,
You know very well what the log books reveal —
Blue water as smooth as the back of a seal,

And sun-mellowed captains who now seem to draw
All the sweetness of life through the stem of a straw,
Slowly sipping and sorry for all the poor souls
That sail between towpaths and telegraph poles.

When the straws from the nose bags slide over the roofs
You know there is thunder and dust of sea hoofs
From numberless nags that come cantering down,
And challenge the tankers to ride them or drown;

Then captains grow testy and cannot sit still
As they dive to the hollow or leap to the hill,
And swear if they had n't been fools they'd have stayed
To serve out the rum in a bar at Port Said.

When the straws are upright and a-rustle in rows,
You know very well what the log books disclose —
Wide waters all smooth and wide heavens all dumb,
And captains whose lives are all honey and rum;

For, filling their glass till they're half overseas,
The tanker runs on while they lie at their ease,
Full of pity for all the poor lads with no sand,
The limpets that hold on the fringe of the land.

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THE RICHES OF THOMAS TRAHERNE

BY S. T. H. PARKER

From *To-Day, June*
(Literary Pamphlet)

Isaac d'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature* relates nothing more strange than the vicissitudes that befell certain manuscript *Poems of Felicity* and prose *Meditations* rescued twenty-five years ago from 'a street bookstall, that last hope of books and manuscripts in danger of being consigned to the waste-paper mills.' At the price of a few pence they passed into competent hands and were eventually traced to Thomas Traherne (or Traheron), who, on his deathbed in 1674, had bequeathed them to his brother, Philip. Thus for two and a quarter centuries oblivion had overtaken them, and their discovery and the subsequent publication of the *Poems*, with fragments of the *Meditations*, by Mr. Bertram Dobell were the literary sensation of the day.

Not the whole of the Traherne manuscripts, however, as was rightly surmised, were included in the fortunate find: part are still missing; but it remained for a later editor, Mr. H. I. Bell, 'while searching for something else' among the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, to chance upon a more complete collection of the *Poems*, carefully prepared for press, with title-page and dedication, by the brother to whom they had been entrusted. These Mr. Bell published in 1920 at the Clarendon Press.

Pathetic foundlings, what have they to tell us? They disclose a personality of singular distinction, of 'a cheerful and sprightly Temper,' of abounding vitality. A brief comment by Dobell gives sufficient indication of the poet's social standing. 'To the worldly minded his destiny must have seemed a poor, if not a mean one. To be the parson of two small and obscure parishes, and the private chaplain of the Keeper of the Seals, while possessing abilities which would have adorned the highest possible station, must have seemed, to a less happily constituted temperament, a fate which would have justified much repining and discontent.'

Traherne, however, did not quarrel with his surroundings. He thanked God that he was made 'a sociable creature . . . a lover of company, a delighter in equals.' The *Meditations* record an early resolution: 'I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes and to feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself.' 'Clothes, costly jewels, laces, I esteem'd My wealth by others worn.' He takes the whole Creation as his heritage: —

> The earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
> The sun and stars are mine; if these I prize.

He reserves his scorn for the covetous, for the slave of custom and convention; such an one he dismisses in a phrase befitting a fallen Lucifer: —

> A stranger to the shining skies,
> Lost as a dying flame.

The child's freshness of perception was his, both of eye and ear, coupled with the poet's alertness to every chance impression of beauty — 'A color or a glimpse of light, The sparkle of a precious stone.' 'Hark! hark, my Soul! the Bells do ring,' he cries, re-

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calling perhaps the chimes of Ledbury or Lugwardine heard often when a boy:—

> Doth not each trembling sound I hear
> Make all my spirits dance?

Traherne was not forty when he died, and he retained, with a wisdom not of this world, the heart and vision of the child to the close of his short and mateless life:—

> How like an Angel came I down!
> How bright are all things here!
> When first among His works I did appear
> O how their Glory did me crown!
> The world resembled His Eternity,
> In which my soul did walk;
> And everything that I did see
> Did with me talk.

And again, in prose which is almost poetry:—

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. . . . The Men! Oh, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die.

There was nothing of asceticism, nothing of Oriental self-abasement in Traherne's outlook. His attitude was erect, his aspect confident, bracing. Scholarly divine as he was, he preferred to regard his fellow men with the eye of the humanist rather than of the theologian.

> They all were brisk and living wights to me,
> Yea, pure and full of immortality.

'You never enjoy the world aright,' he exclaims, 'till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars.' The poet bore a stout heart withal under his clerical garb. Hear him on Courage in his *Christian Ethicks* a rare treatise published in 1675, the year after his death:—

Strange is the vigor in a brave man's soul. The strength of his spirit and his irresistible power, the greatness of his heart and the height of his condition, his mighty confidence and contempt of dangers, his true security and repose in himself, his liberty to dare and do what he pleaseth, his alacrity in the midst of fears, his invincible temper, are advantages which make him master of fortune. His courage fits him for all attempts, makes him serviceable to God and man, and makes him the bulwark and defense of his being and country.

The burden of many writers, living and dead, is implicit in the traditional jest that the Ancients have borrowed most of our best things. That, indeed, has an inverted application; for on behalf of the men of old time it may be said that the, 'damnable iteration' of a later day has bereft them of all semblance of originality.

It will seem of little interest to a generation impatient of metaphysics that Traherne should have foreshadowed Berkeley's theory of the nonexistence of independent matter. One may be somewhat weary of Whitman, yet coincidence of thought was never more curiously exemplified than in the anticipation by Traherne of the cheerful philosophy of *Leaves of Grass;* even, indeed, of the very form and structure of its composition. And if Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* could conceivably become lost to posterity while Traherne's writings survived the further vicissitudes of Time, nearly every thought of value in the Ode would be discoverable in the work of the earlier poet.

Though a native of Hereford, he was probably of Welsh descent, and in genius akin, if temperamentally less restrained, to his countrymen Herbert

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and Vaughan. Of his poetry, the considered judgment of impartial criticism is expressed by his latest editor. 'His verse is full of the material of poetry; it is continually preparing (so to say) to pass into poetry, and here and there for a few lines, sometimes for longer, it does so.

Perhaps even the coldest reader will concede that at rare intervals his art transcends criticism, poetic inspiration finding utterance in form as perfect as the thought. In an age of great prose literature — the age of Milton and Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne — the author of the *Meditations* bears comparison with any writer of his time. Mr. Birrell says of Newman that he 'has contrived to instill into his very controversies more of the spirit of Christianity than most men can find room for in their prayers.' With equal truth it may be said that into his prose Traherne has instilled more of music and imagination than many a poet can find room for in his verse.

THUNDER-MUSIC

BY C. HENRY WARREN

[*The Spectator*]

STRANGELY this loneliness recalls a night
Of midsummer when we slept in the open barn.
I had lighted a candle, and so hushed and still
Was the air, it burned unwavering, up and up.
You slept, with quiet breathing, whilst big moths
Slapped at the ceiling, and invisible gnats
Threaded their rasping skirls about the dark.
And then beyond the trees low rumblings broke
Of rising thunders, and the lightning flashed
Livid above the distant hills. Near
And nearer came the clanging peals, until
The skies rocked and those barn-roofs echoed back.
Hardly each clash had ended when the heavens
With lightnings new were riven: poised were the leaves,
Electric, each a timeless leaf of beauty.
Then fell the rains. The tumult of the skies
Tumbled upon the droughty earth that drank
With greedy lips the heavy, pouring streams.
And you, or waking or asleep I knew not,
You were all forgot. Our bodies, frail,
Were crushed in the press of those grim thunders; twirled,
It seemed, like dust in a whirlwind's sucking pool.
And there was no escape . . .

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THE VOYAGE OF THE 'QUEST'

BY COMMANDER FRANK WILD

[Commander Wild was Sir Ernest Shackleton's lieutenant in the Shackleton-Rowett Expedition to the Antarctic until the great explorer's death. He then assumed command.]

From the *Times, June 5, 6*
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

HAVING refitted at Leith Harbor, South Georgia, in which we were much assisted by Mr. Hansen, the manager of the whaling station there, we set off on January 15 and proceeded to Cooper Bay to pick up Douglas (the geologist) and Carr (the airman), whom I had sent there some three days previously to carry out geological examinations of the neighborhood.

Having taken them aboard, we went to Larsen Harbor, where we anchored for the night, and where Douglas carried out further geological work. Both he and Carr reported having seen from the hills above Cooper Bay, in the direction of Clerke Rocks, what appeared to be a volcano in eruption.

We left South Georgia finally on January 18 and set the course to pass close to Clerke Rocks. We proceeded next to Zavodovski Island, the northernmost of the Sandwich group. Thousands of sea birds followed in our wake, cape pigeons, albatrosses, whale birds, and almost every kind of petrel. Round the shores of Zavodovski were numerous icebergs, aground, and each one was thickly covered with ringed penguins. The sea, also, close to the island, was alive with them, and they came toward us in hundreds, diving in and out of the water, uttering all the time their peculiar cries. These little creatures, so absurdly human in their every aspect, are a never-ending source of amusement, and one can watch them for hours at a time without tiring.

The island itself is rocky and barren, snow-covered except on the western side. It rises to a point inland, but owing to a low-lying mist the summit was obscured, and so it was not possible to gauge the height accurately; but from the general contour it did not seem to be very high. Along the edge of the island was a reddish layer of volcanic staining.

Generally the island is inaccessible and there seemed to be no good bays or anchorages, though there were one or two places where, in fine weather, a landing might be effected by boat. Numerous caves gave out sulphurous fumes which caught the nose and throat and made the eyes smart. It was noticed that no penguins were collected near these caves, and Larsen reports having been overcome while ashore on another island of this group. On the lower shores were numerous king penguins, while on the upper slopes were battalion after battalion of the ringed variety, forming enormous rookeries, not so large, however, as those of Macquarie Island.

I had intended to make first for Bouvet Island, but in view of the lateness of the season and the limitations of the ship, which, except under the most favorable circumstances, is very slow, I determined to give up the idea and to make direct to a point suitable

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for entering the pack ice and pushing to the south. En route we made for the reported position of Pagoda Rock; but we saw no sign of it, and a sounding taken under Worsley's directions showed a depth of 2950 fathoms, which is evidence of its nonexistence, at any rate in the proximity of its charted position. About the end of January we ran out of the berg area into an open sea, and on many days not a berg could be seen.

In early February we had a strong southerly gale which compelled me to take in sail and heave to for the night. Two days later we encountered ice in latitude 65° 18′ S., 15° 23′ E. longitude. At first it was difficult to determine whether this was the edge of the pack or not; but as we penetrated farther in, it became apparent that it was, but evidently the ice had been blown open and scattered by the southerly gale we had just had.

It pleased many of the hands to see and enter the pack ice, and Macleod, veteran of two previous expeditions, exclaimed to McIlroy: 'Here we are, home again! Does n't it make you feel good to be back again?'

At the same time, I could not help but feel the responsibility of entering deeply into the ice with the Quest; for, though in many respects a good little ship, she has her obvious limitations when it comes to a matter of this nature, and of the power of the pack ice I was only too well aware, having from previous expeditions many mind-pictures of its merciless and irresistible movements. However, as this work cannot be carried on without a large element of risk, I did not hesitate to push on, determined to use my judgment to the best advantage.

We soon began to meet old friends. Crab-eaters, the most elegant of southern seals, with their light-colored coats, lay asleep on the floe. They are typical of the pack ice, the other varieties seeming to prefer to hug the land. Emperor penguins, stately, occurring in ones or twos, greeted us with their peculiar cries. Killer whales we saw in large numbers. They seem to abound in these areas, and we never entered a lead of any size without seeing their fins cut the surface; or from aloft we saw them, evil-looking certainly, but wonderfully graceful in their movements through the water, glide forward with almost imperceptible sweeps of their powerful flukes. . . .

The pack ice became very dense and navigation increasingly difficult. Macklin writes in his diary: —

> Always ahead of us there seems to be dense impenetrable pack, but always, when we come to it, it proves to be not quite so formidable as it looked; and the Quest, with careful navigation and expert manipulation, does not do badly, considering her low engine-power. The trick at the wheel is no longer two hours' monotony, but a spell of hard work, for which one removes all bulky clothing.

We made very few stops. Occasionally we killed crab-eater seals for food, putting the skins into the bunkers for fuel, and occasionally we stopped alongside a suitable piece of ice for watering ship; but always as soon as the business was completed we pushed on. During the whole of this time a series of soundings was carried out, under Worsley's supervision, by Dell (the chief electrician) and Watts (the wireless operator). The last two soundings showed a shoaling in twenty-nine miles from 1555 to 1089 fathoms, which certainly indicates the proximity of land.

I had hopes that we should very soon sight new land, but on February 12, in latitude 69° 18′ S. and 17° 11′ 30″ E. longitude, we entered a regular cul-de-sac, which completely held up the ship, and through which she could

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not make a foot of headway. I put the ship alongside a solid piece of floe and allowed all hands overboard to stretch their legs, and waited to see if the pack would open. Unfortunately the temperature fell suddenly to 19° F., and the pools of water between the floes began to freeze over. I had to decide at once what to do. Push on we could not, and to remain would entail that the ship would be frozen in, would drift at the mercy of the floes, and would risk severe crushing and total loss.

Daylight was failing, and for four hours nightly, navigation was extremely difficult and uncertain. The one course open to me was to retreat, much though I disliked yielding this hard-won ground; and the retreat must be carried out with the greatest possible speed, for every day added to the thickness of the ice, and there was a chance that at any moment we might find ourselves beset. We accordingly pushed north, and a week later succeeded in entering comparatively open water. . . .

A second attempt was made to push south, but in latitude 68° 49′ S. and 0° 1′ W. longitude we met impenetrable pack. The lateness of the season, failing light, and shortness of coal made another attempt to push south impossible, and I now determined to make for Ross's Appearance of Land, as marked on the chart, and endeavor to verify or wipe it out.

To do this we worked through several hundred miles of pack ice, which, as we began to approach the position, became very dense and heavy. Thirty-five miles from the charted position we were held up, and the temperature falling suddenly, the open water quickly froze, and we became frozen in. It looked as if we were likely to remain here some time, and the position seemed serious, because our coal supply was almost depleted, and I did not consider conditions generally at all suitable for wintering.

I encouraged all hands to go on the ice and take exercise and amuse themselves by playing football, which, in spite of the cold winds and driving snow, they were not slow to do. With Worsley, McIlroy, and Macklin, I took long walks over the floe, noting conditions, and was pleased to see a number of Adélie penguins in the neighborhood. I did not, however, care to have all hands going too far abroad, because the ice was treacherous, and the unwary were likely to find themselves in a cold bath from which perhaps it would not be easy to extract themselves. Naisbitt (the ship's clerk, taken on at Rio), while playing football, did actually go in, but was immediately pulled out and went aboard for a change of clothing.

Every day I climbed to the crow's nest and kept a keen lookout for any appearance of open water. On March 21 a dark 'water' sky appeared to the northward, but between us and any open water lay several miles of solid ice. Suddenly a small lead opened, and I walked over the ice to examine it at close quarters. Certainly it did not look promising, but it offered a chance of escape, and I felt that we should not miss it.

On the other hand, should we fail to get out, we would have wasted several tons of our now precious coal, and this we could ill afford. However, I decided that we must take this chance and, once started, must use every effort to carry it through. Having returned to the ship, I ordered Kerr to get up steam, and when this was done started to punch and bore into the narrow lead.

Unfortunately a gigantic old floe closed the path, and on it we could make no impression. I put men over the side with poles to try and push it off sufficiently to allow the ship to

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insert her nose as a wedge. This had no effect, and I sent a man on to the big floe with an ice anchor, affixed in such a position as to effect a turning movement. All hands turned to on the capstan and, by a tremendous effort and using every ounce of steam, we slowly got her nose into the lead and slowly but surely forged ahead.

After several hours of determined effort, we entered a lead through which we succeeded in working our way to a fairly open sea, and we made all speed we could northward, relieved and glad to have escaped.

Once free of the ice, I made for Elephant Island, where I intended to effect a landing, kill sea elephants for fuel to replace our depleted coal, get sand or shingle to ballast the now much-lightened and top-heavy ship, and from there to return to South Georgia.

We sighted Clarence Island about midday on March 25, and soon afterward Elephant Island came into sight. I do not think there were any of us — I am speaking of those who wintered there with me in 1916 — who were not inwardly much moved by the sight of these islands, or who will fail to recall the conditions under which we first saw them, after having been a week in open boats. We have stood looking at the islands through binoculars, recognizing familiar spots, each reminiscent of some incidents.

I find that Macklin — usually incapable of much sentiment — has written in his diary: —

> What memories! They rush on one like a flood. . . . Once more in my mind's eye I see the little hut. Frankie Wild's hut, dark and low and dirty, but a shelter from the foul winds of Elephant Island. Once more I see the old faces and hear the old voices — old friends scattered everywhere.

We passed between Clarence Island and Elephant Island, and during the night skirted the southeastern coast of Elephant Island. At daybreak next day we made for Cape Lookout, where I found a possible landing-place. I decided to seize the chance of getting fuel while conditions were favorable, and so had the surfboat lowered, and, with McIlroy, Macklin, Wilkins, Kerr, Carr, and Douglas, pulled ashore.

The landing-place in its essential points closely resembled Cape Wild; a narrow, low-lying spit connected the main island with an outstanding rock, and this again was separated from another higher rock by a small channel through which the seas surged with some force. On one side, also, as at Cape Wild, was a large glacier, which helped to complete the resemblance. The island itself seemed to be more accessible than at our old place, but for permanent living-quarters it seemed to be no more suitable, for there were signs that under certain conditions the spit was sea-swept, and it was equally unsheltered from strong winds.

The weather on this day, however, was favorable. As we drew near we saw that there were numbers of penguins, ringed and gentoo, and numerous Weddell seals and sea elephants asleep on the beach. Little pigeon-like paddy birds, which at a distance look so beautiful with their white plumage, but which at close quarters show a very ugly head and beak, moved about among the penguins, running hither and thither in their quick steps, and like the penguins exhibited a marked curiosity at the strange creatures which had come among them.

I landed Wilkins (the biologist) and Douglas (the geologist) with instructions to carry out their own particular work, also Kerr and Macklin, returning myself to the ship to get my heavy rifle and bring off more hands. On the return I landed on a narrow strip of beach on the far side of the glacier,

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with McIlroy and some others, and walked along underneath it, a practice I do not often carry out, as these glaciers are liable to cave at any moment, and it would be a poor lookout for anyone then caught below. However, nothing happened, and arrived at the spit, I immediately shot all the sea elephants and seals, and had a few penguins killed for food.

I put all hands to work removing the blubber, which in the case of the large bulls was no easy matter, on account of the irregularity of the surface. In the afternoon I noticed the wind had changed a little with the result that a swell started coming round to a point, and a pretty considerable surf began to run up the beach.

I saw that very soon it would be a difficult matter to load up the boat, and so at once had the blubber brought to the edge of the beach, and a line passed out to the boat, and had it towed out to the Quest, the process requiring several journeys.

I found on coming aboard that Worsley was getting anxious about the Quest, and so gave orders to get up anchor and steam out to sea. Just as we were leaving, a huge mass caved off the glacier, falling with a resounding crash to the beach below, and I felt glad that this did not occur while we were passing underneath in the morning. We steamed all that night along the southern coast of the island, keeping well out to avoid the numerous rocks and reefs.

In the morning I headed in for the southwestern point, looking for some indication of a large harbor with a good anchorage, which sailing directions led us to believe existed there, where seals and sea elephants abounded, penguins and all sorts of birds, and tussock grass.

I accordingly steamed up the northern side of the island till, seeing a long, narrow beach lying along the foot of some high and steep rock-faces, I anchored the ship for two hours and sent Jeffrey, Douglas, and Wilkins ashore to make a short survey and naturalize according to their respective works. I also sent Macklin with Marr (the Boy Scout), Macleod, and Young to get some more blubber, and also some more meat for the larder.

That night, the wind rapidly rising, we anchored in the lee of Seal Rocks. The rocks are barren, covered on the northern aspect by a little lichen. A number of gentoo and ringed penguins had climbed on to them, to rest and digest their food, and their cries during the night were extremely eerie.

I did not like conditions, and the weather outlook was bad, and so I had a careful watch kept during the night. About 2 A. M. I was called by Macklin, whose watch it was, and turned out to find that the wind had risen very rapidly, and the Quest had started to drag her anchor. I rang up the engine-room to get up full pressure of steam and started to raise the anchor. Owing to the change of wind we had some difficulty in getting clear, but we accomplished it safely. The wind rapidly increased to a violent hurricane, which compelled me to run away before it.

Under the circumstances I considered it useless to battle back to Elephant Island. Our coal supply was almost exhausted, the wind was fair for South Georgia, and so, under topsail only, we ran for the north. Very heavy seas began to rise, and time after time the Quest was swept fore and aft.

Everything about the decks was securely lashed and little damage resulted, but one big sea which came over the stern smashed in the after-scuttle and filled the wardroom to a depth of several feet with water. Another, which broke over the deckhouse,

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found its way through the overhead ventilators, causing a good deal of discomfort in the cabins.

The wind held for another day, after which it abated somewhat, but remained fair; we were able to clap on all sail, and, with steam shut off altogether, make good speed for South Georgia. On March 31, Worsley announced, for the twenty-four hours, a run of 197 miles, the Quest's record. This was made without using the engines at all.

The ship during this time was most uncomfortable; rigging, spars, and decks became ice-covered, and, with the violent rolling, one had to employ the greatest care to avoid being shot across the decks. As we approached South Georgia the temperature rose and we got rid of the ice.

We arrived in Leith Harbor early in the morning of April 6. This and my previous message give a résumé of our voyage from the time we left South Georgia to our return.

IDOLS OF THE CAVE

BY OSWALD COULDREY

From the *Beacon, June*
(English Christian-Liberal Monthly)

Potchard, of the Archæological Survey, stood upon the rock's brow and stretched himself luxuriously. He had finished an uncommonly good morning's work. He had been copying a newly found inscription which promised to go far to solve the mystery of the famous monuments on which he was engaged. The publication of this discovery, he reflected, would mean a great gain to science. Incidentally, it would add much to his own professional reputation, even when all due credit had been given, as in the generous glory of the moment he was determined that it should be given, to his Brahman assistant, the actual finder; and when his own official superior, who would be in a better position than himself to publish it abroad, had in turn taken his share of honor at the other end. It seemed very good to Potchard to be out here in the open on a pleasant coast, far from the office and the railway, and inhaling blissfully the sense of freedom and solitude and silence, of gray rock and palm and sea, and of the neighborhood of those marvelous monuments of a mysterious antiquity, to which he had given his heart.

The enormous boulder upon which he stood, and the thousand others piled and scattered around him and strewn at random along the coast in either direction, were of the kind that commonly outcrop and litter themselves upon the Southern plains and jungles — now in the form almost of monolithic mountains, the seat and throne of many a Dekkan acropolis; now, as here, in a manifestation less vast, but multitudinous, conglomerate, and confused, and sometimes built upon itself in a fashion so fantastic and

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precarious as to suggest the sportive handiwork of demons. The rock itself is generally of the same character throughout, gray and rounded, bald and dry, stained with broad stripes of the rain, but almost destitute otherwise of grass or lichen.

In this voluminous and lasting material some forgotten dynasty of the South had chosen here to engrave, in symbols proportionately vast, the dark record of its power. One ponderous ridge of granite had been carved into the likeness of seven pagan minsters of the prime, complete with all their clustering cells and pillared halls, reduced indeed from the scale of thronged originals, but still a wonder of gigantic sculpture. Beyond these curious monuments, with their stone guard of colossal bulls, lions, and elephants, rose the graceful spire of another and somewhat later temple of builded stones, the most romantic of all the relics of this forgotten sea-mart, within whose desolate forecourt the waves themselves now bowed in adoration, and washed with tidal punctuality the pedestal of the god's columnar standard.

All this was now hidden from Potchard's view by the giant rockeries between, and by a comparatively modern temenos of Vishnu, enclosed in a great square of wall, which the reputed sanctity of the spot still kept drowsily alive. But pillared chambers had been carved by the same antique art out of the core of several rocks in the immediate neighborhood and the naked shoreward face of the great boulder, upon the crown of which Potchard himself stood, bore a magnificent bas-relief, famous (in photographs) to archæologists throughout the world, representing — with a vigor and realism generally lacking in later Indian art, and at the same time with a mastery and finish only possible in a developed and successful school — some celebrated miracle or act of worship, in which a cloud of gods and sages, fabulous beings, and forest animals, including a family of stately elephants nearly as large as life, took their secular and silent part.

The subject of this crowning masterpiece of the solitudes, though well known to that oracular authority, Tradition, had long been in doubt among those who knew better; and Potchard, having nothing else to do, took a vague resolve to look again at the bas-relief on his way home to tiffin, in order to review upon the spot the latest arguments that had been put forward on the subject. His way to the lower ground, however, led him past the pillared front of one of those shallow porches cut into the rock which have been already mentioned. In this elemental chamber he had already noticed, while talking that morning to his assistant in the course of his tour of inspection, the existence of a peculiar echo; and he now turned aside and entered the portico with the object of finding out the exact nature of this peculiarity.

The chamber — a work, as he now knew, of the seventh century of our era — was very neatly finished, and as fresh as if it had been carved last year. Grotesque pillars propped the lintel, and large mythological panels in bas-relief adorned the walls at the back and sides. By shouting and singing scales before these graven images in a way that would have appeared comic to an observer unacquainted with his object, Potchard discovered that the echoes of the cave remained comparatively dull to most noises, but if one particular note of the scale were mooted, the rock responded like a bell.

While a moiety of Potchard was engaged in the pursuit and exploitation of this pretty discovery, his idle

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eye fell to considering the sculptures by which he was surrounded. The panel which occupied the side wall represented, in that vigorous and early style whose quality has been already indicated, the delightful Earth-goddess lifted in triumph out of the Deluge by the Boar-headed Incarnation of Vishnu. In the neighboring panel at the back the same Deity's yet more honorable bride, Sri Lakshmi, goddess of Prosperity, was undergoing the royal rite of lustration, or enjoying a shower-bath, at the hands — for so the early Aryans reverently regarded the dexterous member used — of her attendant elephants.

This popular subject, stereotyped later into an almost heraldic formula, was here treated with a freedom which looked novel to the reverted eyes of the modern. The goddess, naked as Aphrodite, sat throned on a lotus in the centre. Beneath her on either side a file of naked girls passed waterpots from hand to hand. The elephants — two vaguely huge and jutting heads that filled the upper region of the panel, as it were, with a condensation or stone metaphor of opposing thunder-clouds — received and lifted the pitchers in their serviceable coils, and poured the water over the body of the goddess; the effect of movement being cleverly suggested, as on the Parthenon frieze, or a modern cinematograph, by representing each figure at a different stage of the action.

Potchard was, of course, well acquainted professionally with these and all the sculptures of the site. Professionally, again, he was proud of them as the Curator of a Museum is proud of his best specimens. But although, perhaps because, he had once been through the mill of an English art school, he had never felt them as living art, nor learned the secret, if any existed, of their beauty. To-day, however, he was suddenly caught unawares by the grace of the little figure of the Earth-goddess as by a trick of living loveliness; and turning thence, with a new interest and respect, to study the adjoining panel of the Lakshmi of the Elephants, the dormant art student within him gradually became aware that he was looking at a composition of extraordinary beauty and power, articulate in symbols different indeed from those of his own tradition, yet perhaps no further than they from the nature which guided both. The spacing and balance of the design, Potchard said to himself in the dialect of the studio, were admirable; and the contrast between the slender, languid beauty of the girls and the uncouth and massive heads of the elephants — at this point the thread of his mental soliloquy got lost in the reality of delightful contemplation.

Almost at the same instant a brown Hindu stepped suddenly and noiselessly from behind him, laid his hand upon the trunk of one of the elephants, and seemed to be trying to remove some dust or other matter from the angle of the contour.

'Here, what are you doing?' Potchard called out sharply in Tamil, taking the newcomer for one of the folk from the Vishnu temple hard by. 'Be good enough to leave those images alone.'

The stranger turned a handsome, frank South-Indian face, showing his fine teeth in a smile.

'You need not fear,' he said, 'that I shall harm the images. I can neither mar nor mend them. Moreover, I do not wish to mar them, for it was I that made them.'

'Made them, did you?' said Potchard with a laugh. 'That is interesting. How long ago do you think those images were made?'

The man meditated a moment.

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'They were made long, long ago,' he said. 'They were made in the reign of the king Mamalla, the great Pallava.'

Potchard's jaw dropped. This was precisely the information which he had deciphered that morning from the newly discovered inscription, and which he thought to be known to himself and his assistant alone of living men; for the local traditions regarding the origin of the monuments were vague and fantastic, and the inscriptions were not understood. Apparently this fellow had been talking to the assistant; but, as he appeared to be crazy, it was strange that he should grasp, as he seemed to do, the significance of the information.

He was a man of medium height, but so well proportioned as to appear almost tall. He was girt with the usual South-Indian loin cloth to the ankles, and went naked from the waist upward, like all the people of the South where Moslem or Western sophistication has not asserted itself. His long hair was tied in a chignon — not at the back, as is the general fashion in the Tamil country, but somewhat aside, as they use it in Malabar; and the chignon itself was much larger than usual. His face was aquiline, and would have been exceptionally handsome, even to Western eyes, but for a certain downward curve and protrusion of the lower lip, which, however, by no means impaired the distinction, though it broke the beauty, of the features.

Potchard surveyed the man with interest, slowly recovering from his surprise. In India it is not entirely uncommon to meet mystically disposed persons who make paradoxical assertions and extravagant claims; and Potchard was in the humor to enter into the fun of the thing.

'If you made those images in the reign of King Mamalla, my friend,' he remarked, 'you must have undergone a great many rebirths in the meanwhile. I wonder you have n't forgotten the incident.'

The man looked into Potchard's eyes with an oddly serious and serene expression.

'The artist, sir, is free from rebirths,' he said, 'so long as his works endure on earth; for his former individuality endures with them. When they are hidden or neglected, it sleeps in them; but when they are admired, it wakes again in the gazer's heart, and rejoices.'

'As admirer, or admired?' asked Potchard quizzically.

'That, sir, is a difficult problem in logic, which I cannot explain. Perhaps there is no real difference at all. Are we not all one in Brahma, the Ultimate Soul? I only know that contemplation wakes, and is glad.'

The hidebound Englishman did not quite follow this. He asked: 'Do you not grow tired of contemplating your own work so many times, and after all these years?'

'Ah, sir, you are not an artist, or you would not put the question. Have you never seen a living artist brood upon his own work done? Do you know how often he will return to the same employment, even when he has so many other calls upon him, and fresh beauty to achieve? Will that need of his grow less, do you think, when he can create no longer? To know the beauty of his own work done, that is the artist's heaven. *There* is a faculty that will outlast the hardest material that the earth affords him to shape his thought in. I used to think that I revised my work so that I might alter and improve it; but now I can alter it no longer, nor often wish to alter it, indeed, for we learn little in the world of shadows; but I still take a tireless pleasure in looking it over. You must remember that the soul of the dead artist suffers

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long eclipses, incalculable intervals of sleep and oblivion, in which, perhaps, there lies some quick virtue of forgetfulness, that makes awakening always sweet. If all the world should come together and stand at gaze throughout the centuries, admiring these images of mine, perhaps I might be weary of my bliss; but they don't.'

'You have a healthy appetite for a ghost, my friend,' said Potchard; 'but how is it that I have never seen you before? For this is not the first time that I have admired your masterpieces.'

'You have not rightly admired them before,' replied the other. 'Did you not notice how the echo of this chamber chimes in answer to one note only, and is deaf to all the others? In the same way there is only one mood of the mind that can call up the living secret of a work of art. The rest approach it vainly.'

'If this is fooling,' thought Potchard, 'at least it is excellent fooling'; and fragmentary phrases and vaguely remembered anecdotes from spiritualistic writers began to occur to him. If he were really assisting at any such phenomenon — *what* an opportunity!

He pulled a notebook out of his pocket; but the sight of it seemed to make the stranger ill, and he put it away again.

'This Mamalla, now, the great Pallava: what manner of man was he?' Potchard asked, as it were casually.

The other's eyes kindled. 'He was a great king,' he replied, 'and his navies sailed upon the sea; he reverenced the gods, and was kind to merchants; but especially he loved and rewarded the artists.' He paused, pleasantly reflective.

'What else did he love?' Potchard asked, encouragingly.

'Beautiful women,' replied the other readily, 'and he loved to have us carve their beauty in the rock. See how beautiful are the girls carrying the pitchers there. But that is partly a trick,' he added with a laugh, 'for the girls and the elephants each make the other appear more beautiful by comparison. Look at the figure of the Earth-goddess in the next panel,' and he indicated the figure which had first caught Potchard's attention that morning. 'That figure pleased the King particularly. The Brahmans had beautiful ideas about the gods, and beautiful stories. But sometimes they would hinder an artist, rather than help him. They insisted that the gods should have four arms each, and sometimes six or eight. Do you believe, sir,' and he turned to Potchard confidentially, 'that the gods have so many arms?'

'That, my good sir, is a question which you ought to be in a better position to answer than I am,' said Potchard smiling.

'Why?' asked the other, 'I know no more of the gods now than when I was alive in the flesh. Are they not the gods of the living? But I shall never believe that they have all those arms. To have so many would not be beautiful, and the gods must surely be beautiful. I always used to hide away the odd arms as well as I could, so that no one but the bigots need notice them. See the Vishnu there, and yonder, again,' and he indicated the figures on various panels.

Potchard assented vigorously. He was experiencing a delightful sense of intimacy with an age and people about whom, in company with other archæologists, he had long been curious. He was beginning, however, to reproach himself for wasting an opportunity so precious as the present in talking what he called 'artistic shop,' however archaic; and cast about to turn the conversation into more profitable channels.

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'Where did these Pallavas originally come from?' he asked suddenly, fingering the notebook in his pocket. It was a momentous question, and its right answer would mean fame and a new chapter of Indian history.

The stranger did not seem to hear, and Potchard, with concealed suspense, repeated his question. He refrained from looking at the other lest he should seem too eager, for he knew that what we eagerly desire is harder to obtain from others than what we affect to despise.

'Come from?' echoed the stranger absent-mindedly, after another painful pause. 'Come from? Originally?' His far-away voice seemed to be growing fainter.

Suddenly he gripped the patient Potchard's arm with an unspectral vigor which startled the archæologist.

'See!' he said, in a soft but vigorous tone of glee, pointing to the panel of the elephants.

A little striped squirrel, a creature almost as common in India as the house-sparrow in England, picked its way delicately across the forehead of the right-hand elephant, leaped across to the other for a moment, then, descending by way of the beast's trunk and the shoulder of the nearest handmaiden, dropped to the floor and ran away.

The stranger's enjoyment must have been contagious, for Potchard actually failed for the moment to notice his own disappointment, in the simple delight of that little casual spectacle, that freak of contrast pretty and pointed as a Greek epigram, that merry twinkle of delicate life and color and agility across the huge features of the hoary monument.

'Ah, very pretty,' said the archæologist, forgetting the Pallavas, and speaking as to a friend. 'I have often noticed that the little living creatures that haunt such a monumental site as this, the lizards and squirrels, the green parrots, doves, and other birds, seem somehow prettier and pleasanter to the eye than in the open woods. Is it because life is the one thing wanting here, the lost, irrevocable treasure? Or is it merely as a relief to the much dead art of the place?'

The Viswa-karma smiled.

'No doubt it is difficult for art to emulate the variety and minuteness of nature,' he admitted, 'but that subtle glorification, which you have observed, of the beauty even of the commonest living creatures here, is partly due, I believe, to the influence of all the souls of the dead artists that are sleeping around you: for one of the noblest functions of the artist is to glorify the world we live in, or rather to lend men eyes so that they may see more clearly the glory that is there already.'

Through the lulling charm of the stranger's eloquence Potchard's professional conscience began to prick him again. 'But you were about to tell me, when the squirrel interrupted us,' said he, 'something concerning the Pallavas.'

'Was I?' said the artist, all the enthusiasm dying out of his eyes. 'What was it?'

'Where they originally came from.'

'Came from?' said the other inattentively; and then again, after an interval, as if he were trying to collect himself, 'came from?'

Each time the voice was weaker. His stature also seemed to shrink, and Potchard, gazing desperately expectant, suddenly thought he began to see a glimpse of one of the columns of the chamber through the man's naked body. Potchard made a grab at his notebook. He thought vaguely of Hamlet and his 'tables,' and the ghost who had to leave at cockcrow.

'Be quick and brief, for heaven's sake,' he cried, terse over his notebook,

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pencil ready, ears at strain, for the voice now was very faint.

'Originally came from —'

There was another long pause. Potchard looked up — and found the stranger gone.

'Damn!' said Potchard. 'Why did n't I stick to the art "shop"? I might at least have found out what was the subject of the great bas-relief.'

He sat down disconsolately on the sill of the chamber and glared into the sunlight. The extravagant hopes, which he had been subconsciously cherishing, of revelations which were to confound his archæological brethren, were suddenly curtailed. It remained only to make the most of what was left. He put his notebook on his knee and bit the end of his pencil.

As one who has in a dream apparently created some immortal work of literature — an heroic poem, perhaps, or a volume of epoch-making discoveries in thought or science — finds, as he approaches step by step the confines of the waking world, the jewels of his eloquence turn one by one to common pebbles, and the fruit of his invention to ashes, so it fared with Potchard the archæologist, as he sat upon the threshold of the rock-chapel; until he was fain to confess that there was not one of those wonderful revelations, whose combined effect had been to produce so thrilling a sense of familiarity with the unrecorded past, which nevertheless could not have been deduced in the course of a discerning and sympathetic study of the sculptures themselves.

Sympathetic and discerning study of old art, however, even when it falls short of inspiration, is rare enough in archæological Reports to excite notice. When Potchard produced his next account, his brethren said that Potchard was inspired.

For once Potchard felt bound to admit that they were right.

BIRD THAT CEASED SINGING

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHAT proud bird sings in this tall tree,
  But halts to hear my foot approach,
His very silence a decree
  Bidding me hence who dare encroach
On his demesne of melody?

How shall so gross a serf entreat
  My lord in high green state aloof?
Could he but know his silence beat
  About me like a king's reproof,
He would sing swift and twice as sweet!

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THE CENTENARY OF HOFFMANN

BY PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER

[*Although the wildly fantastic tales of E. T. W. Hoffmann are little read to-day, their writer is still a living force in literature. His relationship to Poe is in itself enough to give him interest to Americans, but it is, perhaps, not so generally known that he is the hero of Offenbach's opera,* The Tales of Hoffmann, *or that Schumann's composition for the piano,* Kreisleriana, *is based on one of Hoffmann's stories.*]

From *La Nouvelle Revue, June* 15
(Literary and Political Monthly)

Hoffmann died on June 25, 1822. He was born on January 24, 1776.

The reputation of the German writer seems to have altered in character during the last sixty years. In 1850 Théophile Gautier wrote that Hoffmann was 'popular in France, even more popular than in Germany,' and added: —

His tales have been read throughout the world. The charwoman and the great lady, the artist and the grocer, have both found pleasure in them. The reason for Hoffmann's success is certainly to be found where no one would have thought of looking for it. It is in the true and lively feeling for nature which reveals itself to so high a degree even in his most incomprehensible compositions.

To-day Hoffmann may seem to belong to legend rather than to reality, and one might make a curious study of the effect and the influence of that amusing comic opera whose reputation has in many minds eclipsed that of the hero who inspired it. I seriously doubt whether the charwomen and grocers, who are so greedy for cheap novels and moving pictures nowadays, whether the fine ladies and the artists, who are so eager to keep in touch with the abundant flowering of our literature, to-day read or reread the works of Hoffmann. But I suppose that a good many of them have gone to applaud Offenbach's lively and melodious music. Théophile Gautier, a penetrating although sometimes bitter critic, says: —

Hoffmann is gifted with a marvelous keenness of observation, especially for physical absurdities. He seizes the amusing and laughable aspects of the body, and in that respect he has curious points of likeness to Jacques Callot and more especially to Goya, a Spanish caricaturist too little known, whose work, at once comic and terrible, produces the same effect as the tales of the German writer. It is to the sense of reality which he gives to the fantastic, together with the swiftness of his narrative and his cleverness in sustaining interest, that Hoffmann owes his immediate and lasting success. Where art is concerned, something that is actually false may be very true, and something that is actually true may be thoroughly false. The pieces of M. Scribe are falser than the stories of Hoffmann.

Hoffmann! For the great multitude that name recalls the first act of Offenbach's comic opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann;* or else the well-known picture in which the writer is portrayed sitting on a cask amid numerous other casks and smoking a pipe of incredible dimensions. Hoffman — that means the subterranean, smoke-filled cabaret; that means the smoking punch in the vast bowl; that means the mad, unreflecting gaiety or the dizzying descent into the

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depths of sadness, black, and peopled with horror, dismay, and terror.

After all, the legend is close enough to the fact. The writer used to drink in order to feel the effects of alcohol and wine, in order to be carried away by drunkenness into those mirages whence his imagination drew new force. Once he had secured the fever for which he was seeking, his talk became witty and sparkling, or else fantastic and morbid, as the case might be. His sense of observation grew keener. Everything became perceptible to him — especially the deformations, the uglinesses, the ridiculous things and absurdities. His memory seized upon all these visions, real or painted on the clouds of smoke, and in his sudden access of vigor, nothing remained for him save to describe them; and thus he carried in his brain inexhaustible resources.

He himself admits his taste for drink in a letter dated from Leipzig: —

> Living is very agreeable here, and not dear by any means. But one could live a great deal better if it were not for that fatal weakness that costs me a good many florins. In the market place and in Peterstrasse are located an Italian wine-cellar and those of Rosse, Treiber, and Mainoni. The pavement in front of these places, worn by the passers-by, slopes down in such a way that involuntarily, almost without knowing it, you find yourself inside. And once you are in, you find a pretty room, well furnished and very agreeable to look at. But the abominable temperature down there! You have to cool off with a glass of Burgundy or punch. In short, you have to drink, and that costs you more than merely time.

In the latter part of his life, which is of special interest at present, there was a method in his digressions, and he employed them deliberately to produce the desired number of ecstacies, to enjoy them, and to get out of them what he wanted. As councilor at the Court of Justice, he attended two sittings a week, and on other days he stayed at home, busy with his writing. He would sleep in the afternoon sometimes, or, if he felt that his persistent insomnia drove sleep away, he would take a walk; but every evening and every night he invariably spent in copious drinkings in the cellars of the cabarets that he honored with his patronage.

To be fair, it must be admitted that there were exceptions to the well-established rule. He never refused an invitation to visit people who he knew possessed learning, wit, or good nature. A clash of wits between two good talkers had its charms for him; but if he left the drinking-shop for a moment, he never forgot it entirely. At an hour when everyone else was turning homeward, Hoffmann would hurry toward the wine cellar of his choice, and there, as was his custom, await the coming of day. He did not drink a great deal, but he quaffed with huge enjoyment the dose that he felt necessary to give him satisfaction.

At Berlin, it was the cellar of Lutter and of Wegmer to which Hoffmann went by preference. He held regular sittings, as certain French men of letters once did, enthroned in cafés on the great boulevard in the Quartier Montparnasse or on the Boulevard Saint-Michel! In Lutter's wine cellar, Hoffmann was king. He had his place there that no one dreamed of disputing with him, and he had his court for friends and strangers. The admiring, and the merely curious, assembled around him, attracted by the humor of his fantastic talk and by the cleverness of the pencil that, with a few nervous strokes, would trace embarrassing silhouettes — caricatures, it is true, but always with resemblance of some sort and a mysterious flame of life.

Fame had come. So much originality, so fertile an imagination, brought their rewards. Hoffmann's friends, con-

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vinced that the writer was wasting his time and his health in such frequent and lengthly séances in the restaurants, insisted that he should give up the path toward that unhealthy place; and the drinker, without too many entreaties, consented, since the resource of drinking at home was still open to him. But they founded a club which was to meet at Hoffmann's once a week, whose members were called the 'Brothers of Saint-Serapion' in order to do honor to the Polish patron of the landlady. It was at this time that the story-writer entered into correspondence that promised flattering and productive collaboration. Beethoven himself wrote to him praising his work, and Spontini wanted him to undertake the translation of one of his operas.

But this peaceful period was short. Alas, the cruel days had just begun for Hoffmann, for his health, which had hitherto been fairly resistant, began to fall off swiftly. Is it not curious that this physical failure began suddenly when his most beloved companion died, his cat, Mürr? Hoffmann wrote to one of his friends: —

During the night of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of November, after a short and painful sickness, my dear disciple, the cat Mürr, fell asleep, to wake in a better world, in the fourth year of a life that had been full of hope. Those who knew the poor thing will understand my sorrow and respect it by — silence. HOFFMANN.

As a matter of fact, the writer experienced deep sorrow. Mürr used to sleep with delicate taste on a pile of leaves on Hoffmann's writing-table. He was a faithful, discreet, and enigmatic gardener. Did he watch when he seemed to be sleeping and when his mysterious eye saw further than was perceptible? Of what did the fantastic and aristocratic soul of this feline dream while his master's pen was hurrying, hurrying, hurrying over the paper?

M. A. Loeve-Veimar, who, I think, was the first translator into French of Hoffmann's works, says that Hoffmann, meeting a friend to whom he had described the death of Mürr, drew him into a cabaret.

He took him into a back room, looked around to make sure that they were alone, and began to confess to him — first begging him not to think too badly of him — how the animal's death had affected him. He told him, with tears in his eyes, that the cat might have been saved, but the doctors whom he called were not clever enough; and he soon began to paint such a terrible picture of his cat's agony that his listener, appalled, felt the hairs bristle on his head.

In the night, he said among other things, the cat had a terrible rattling in its throat. 'My wife was sleeping soundly, and I got up carefully and went out into my study where poor Mürr was lying. I lifted up the cover over him and he turned his eyes full of human intelligence toward me. He seemed to be begging me to prolong his life, and he stopped his groans as if he had found some consolation in my glances. I could not stand the sight any more. I let the cover fall, and went back to bed. In the morning he died and now, to both my wife and myself, the house seems empty. I wanted to go to Fiocati's to buy a parrot; but she does not want anything to take his place, and neither do I. Don't you think, too, my friend, that nothing can replace a beloved object?' And he burst into tears.

Under his doctor's orders, Hoffmann had to give up the wine. Nothing could have been more painful to him than to sit at a table watching his friends quaff what he loved so well, while he contented himself with a horrible Seltzer water. But far from desiring to drive them away and relieve himself of the perpetual torture of Tantalus, he made them drink and keep on drinking, so that he might have the bitter pleasure of filling up their empty glasses, though without ever tasting the subtle pleasure of conversation known to all those who appreciate good wine. To listen while

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a friend talked, then to reply, to give free rein to his fertile fancy, to recall memories, or to tell a yarn — such were the immense resources that life still held for him. And this attraction was so great that he cried out to his doctor, who had ventured on an insincere phrase about the uninterestingness of life: 'Be still, be still! To live, and still to live — only to live on any condition whatever!'

He lived — he lived for five months, but with painful discomfort and horrible sufferings, feeling himself every day attacked by greater weakness, watching himself die by slow degrees, a little more each minute. His feet and then his hands became stiff — the blood no longer circulated in them; and then, one morning, the numbness reached all his limbs. It was a moment of joy; the mortal dullness had driven away his pain. He believed that it was a marvelous cure.

During the tragic weeks that followed, condemned to greater inaction, unable to write since his hands were dead, he was rebellious, and his anguished brain had an amazing activity. It was his swan song. He dictated as though possessed by forces from beyond the grave, without feeling in his amazing imaginative fever either fatigue or despair. In this way he dictated his stories: *Master Wacht*, *My Cousin's Window*, and *Convalescence*. He dictated the *Enemy* when his condition, already bad, was getting worse.

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1822, Hoffmann died, after he had just asked that the fragment of the *Enemy* he had just dictated should be read to him.

The influence of Hoffmann, whom Sir Walter Scott criticizes rather stupidly, has certainly been great. He founded a school, as Théophile Gautier says, adding: —

> Unfortunately inferior imitators have believed that it is enough to heap up absurdity upon absurdity and to write haphazard the dreams of an overexerted imagination in order to be a fantastical and original story-writer; but even the wildest, most unreal fancy requires a plan, characters, and a course of conduct, without which the work would be nothing but a heap of words and the oddest fancies would cause nothing, not even surprise. Nothing is more difficult than to succeed in this kind of writing, where everything is allowed, for the more liberty the reader permits, the more exacting he becomes; and it is no slight glory for Hoffmann to have made such a success.

After Hoffmann, and after Edgar Allan Poe, how many writers, striving for the fantastic, have succeeded only in writing 'haphazard the dreams of an overexerted imagination'!

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A PAGE OF VERSE

'THE GOD AT WHAM I GRUMBLE'

BY ANDREW DODDS

[*These striking verses are taken from the* Scottish Farm Servant, *a monthly magazine which is the organ of the Agricultural Laborers' Union of Scotland.*]

'O LORD, I cannae understand
The things that Ye pit aff your hand:
The earth and sea are greatly planned,
I must admit;
The heavens, glorious and grand,
Prove your fine wit.

. . . . . .

'And when we see — we 're no sae stuipet —
The comet 's on a leash and grippet,
And led like ony collier's whippet
Upon the road;
We ken Ye 're naewise mean or nippet —
You are a God!

'Bit why should the Great Engineer,
That set thae worlds a' in gear,
And sent them spinnin' year by year
Wi' sic precision,
Delight to treat puir mortals here
Wi' cauld derision?

'It 's said Ye watch the sparrow's fa'
And keep a reck'nin' o' them a',
And still Ye send the drivin' snaw,
And mak' it freeze,
Till hunders o' them dwine awa'
By slow degrees!

'I aften think the bonny floo'ers
Are sweet thochts o' your musing 'oors,
Bit oh, the fancy short endures
Tae see Ye clatch
Them up in wrathfu' sleety shoo'ers —
A foul debauch!

'A mither's hairt, a bairnie fair,
Ye fashion baith wi' tender care,
And syne some day Ye smash your ware
Dang a' tae bits:
The bairn is brocht in deid — noo there!
That fairly grits!

'I am na sic a hopeless duffer
But what I ken it 's guid tae suffer,
Bit yet what wey sood Ye be gruffer
Wi' some bit bairn
Than what Ye are wi' some auld buffer
Whae needs his fairin'?

'Ye see oor king set his hall mark
Upon some brewer or ither spark,
While bairnies gang withoot a sark
To pey the fee —
I 'd strike the rale clamjamfry stark,
If it was me!

'To mak' a' clear I strive and stumble
Till my puir wits are in a jumble,
Syne, in my weariness grown humble,
I come to see
That the God at wham I grumble
Is far yont me.

'Jist as my dowg or wee jakedaw
May think me whiles an unco thraw
That wields withoot a reasoned law
The ruling rod,
Hoo is a man fit to misca'
The weys o' God?

'My dowg ne'er understands I 'm shair,
When instinct's strong implanted there,
What wey he soodnae hunt a hare
Or chase a cat;
Bit still I cannae my weys square
Wi' his for that. . . .

'Lord, pardon a presumptious fule,
Whae thinks that wi' a lichted spill
He 'll read the Great Inscrutable
Like A B C;
The meal maun ey gang thro' the mill,
And sae maun we.'

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THE GUITRYS IN LONDON

THE production of *Pasteur*, which opened the Guitry season at the Princess Theatre in London, has been hailed by the British critics with more or less unanimous acclaim. The play was originally written for M. Lucien Guitry, father of the dramatist, Sacha Guitry, who is both actor and dramatist. It is natural that the great actor should find himself at home in a rôle created for him by his own son. The London *Morning Post* says: —

To the audience M. Guitry *is* Pasteur, the generous, lovable scientist, with all his genius, straight-forward simplicity, and little human failings.

The paradoxical description of Pasteur, '*l'homme le plus modeste du monde et le plus confiant en soi-même qu'on puisse rencontrer*,' ceases to be a paradox when M. Guitry is the great scientist. The faith that moves mountains, the imagination without which the most painstaking observation and an infinite capacity for taking pains are mere ignes fatui, the all-embracing love of humanity which inspires the scientist's whole life, are felt instinctively, as Pasteur is shown in the most natural way in the world at five different moments of his life.

Not all the critics, to be sure, are quite so unqualified in their praise. Mr. Maurice Baring, writing in the *New Statesman*, complains that, although the creation of the stage character Pasteur to suit the talents of Guitry *père* may be a very fine thing from a purely histrionic viewpoint, it is a little hard on the great French biologist. Mr. Baring's criticism would carry more conviction with it, to be sure, were he not compelled to make the embarrassing confession that he has never read Valéry-Radot's *Life of Pasteur*, on which the play is based. He writes: —

Not having read the Life of Pasteur, I am unable to judge how far the play deviates from the facts, but every now and then a suspicion would creep into my mind that the truth was being modified or arranged to suit the part. I was told that this was so by someone who had read Pasteur's Life, and that the crucial scene before the experiment was made on the child was in reality far more poignant and more intense, perhaps too intense, perhaps too *naked* for theatrical representation, or at any rate not quite in harmony with this particular play — involving perhaps the introduction of other elements, factors, and persons, which would have overloaded the framework as it was built.

An exhibition of virtuosity is always a great treat, especially if the virtuoso has the talents and the art of M. Lucien Guitry. But one is glad on the whole that all plays are not of this kind, — slices of reality arranged to suit a supreme virtuoso, — and, wonderful as this display of discreet, subdued fireworks is, it is a display of fireworks; it is not the interpretation and the enlargement of a masterpiece.

Guitry *fils* is one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in contemporary French drama, so prolific a playwright that he almost recalls the English dramatists of Good Queen Bess's day — who at the very most never spent more than two or three weeks on their most ambitious plays.

Sacha Guitry grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre. As a boy he played in comedy, copying his father, and gradually he passed from playing comedies to writing them as naturally, according to the distinguished critic Nozière, 'as an apple tree grows apples.'

Pasteur itself is far from an orthodox play in construction. There is, strictly speaking, no plot, only a series of moving, vivid episodes set side by side, from which a single complete character

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arises — that of Pasteur himself. This is the technique of Mr. Drinkwater in *Abraham Lincoln*, just as it was also the technique of Christopher Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*, the first of the great Elizabethan plays.

But not all of Sacha Guitry's plays are of the same type as *Pasteur*. Many of them are typical comedies of the French boulevard, turned out in such quick succession that the theatregoer scarcely sees how the busy playwright contrives to do it all. Perhaps a remark which he made to a writer of the Brussels newspaper, *L'Indépendance Belge*, some months ago, reveals the secret: 'My days are occupied with rehearsals, my evenings with productions, so that it is only the night which gives me leisure for writing. The work of a dramatist combined with that of an actor is highly fatiguing.'

The theatre is a family matter for the brilliant young dramatist. Not only does he act with his father, but he has also acted with his brother, Jean Guitry; and his wife, whose stage name is Yvonne Printemps, is herself a famous actress.

❦

AN ENGLISH COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME TO MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS

Mr. Sinclair Lewis's recent outburst at the expense of literary folk in London has been received in England with the countercheck quarrelsome. Two writers in the London *Times*, and another in the *Outlook*, suggest that there is more than one side to the question. Mr. Shane Leslie, the biographer of Cardinal Manning, whom the Pope recently made Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, wonders whether it is 'meant to repay a year's hospitality on this side and possibly avenge slighting criticism among Englishmen, or to create a patriotic sensation among the great people who have made him "a best seller" — perhaps the most democratic ticket that can be attached to a man, though literature is intensely aristocratic.'

Mr. Leslie, himself a novelist, suggests that American books are not put before the reading public, because English authors naturally have first claim; but he insists that whenever an American book of genuine merit has appeared, there has always been an effort in England to understand and appreciate it. Walt Whitman, for example, was widely read in England, and, in more recent times, Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* was welcomed, even though few Englishmen could quite stomach the succeeding *Domesday Book*. As Mr. Leslie remarks, '*Domesday Book* was more than English reviewers are built to face, and was generally and politely referred to the Day of Judgment.'

Mr. Lewis complains that such American writers as Edith Wharton, Carl Sandburg, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell, and Mr. H. L. Mencken — whom for some reason Mr. Leslie refers to as Henry Mencken — are not properly appreciated in Great Britain. But Mr. Leslie doubts whether there is a single reviewer of note in England who has not conscientiously read through at least one book from each, and he concludes that 'American writers have never been more read or less patronized' on his side of the Atlantic.

A gentleman who prefers to be anonymous, perhaps because of the extreme heat with which he writes, carries the war into America with a vengeance when he complains that, so far as fiction is concerned, the English novelist is actually being starved out of his own country by the wicked American writers of tales. This gentleman, who signs himself 'English Novel-

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ist,' asks a question and then proceeds to answer it: —

> The ordinary subscriber to a lending library must often have wondered at the great preponderance of stories of American life. With no warning, he is suddenly plunged into the atmosphere of New York, or the Middle West, or the Woolly West. Perhaps his curiosity is aroused and he turns to the title page, only to find that the novel has been issued by one of the big British publishing houses.
>
> Why this predilection for American fiction? Why do publishers cold-shoulder British novelists?

His answer is that American publishers find it convenient to sell American stories to British publishers in printed sheets, which are cut, bound, and sold in Great Britain. But this will hardly satisfy Mr. Sinclair Lewis, even though the 'English Novelist' admits he is worthy of 'ranking with our celebrities'; for the American writers who are pushing English writers out of the market are Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, the ingenious gentleman who manufactured *Tarzan of the Apes*, Mr. Zane Grey, and others of their brotherhood.

The despairing English writer ends with an invective against American copyright laws and concludes with the despairing wail that he personally is headed for the poorhouse — just why it is hard to see, for he admits having been on the pay roll of one of those iniquitous publishers, all of whom, presumably, are making fortunes out of the nefarious American novel.

Mr. J. C. Squire, who has just returned from America, admits that Mr. Lewis has 'some real grievance,' for he thinks 'there is a lack of curiosity about American books, until they are forced upon our attention.' Writing in the *Outlook*, to which he contributes a weekly page, under the pseudonym 'Solomon Eagle,' Mr. Squire points out that Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, and Mr. Conrad Aiken have all received their due meed of attention from British critics. And, like Mr. Leslie, he deprecates the suggestion of Mr. Lewis that 'every young Englishman, two years out of Oxford, adopts the mother attitude toward writers like Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell, and Sherwood Anderson' — the one passage in Mr. Lewis's remarks which appears to have caused the most acute pain in England.

Mr. Squire personally declares he cannot conceive that anyone in his senses 'has ever "mothered" Mrs. Wharton or Mr. Hergesheimer; they are not what they are as Americans, but as human beings who happen to live in America, and who write good books in the tongue which we share with America.' He concludes with a piece of wholesome advice which may well be pondered as coming from one of the only two literary Englishmen who ever visited America without lecturing.

> People go to New York on business; a few authors each year go across with the principal object of engaging in a lucrative lecture tour; but the ordinary traveler, whose object is seeing the country at leisure, or conversing with individuals, is very, very scarce. For one Englishman who has seen the Blue Mountains there are ten thousand Americans who have seen the Cambrian lakes, and the direct personal intercourse of the younger writers in each country depends almost entirely on the extent to which Americans choose, or are able, to come here and stay. A good deal may be learned by the systematic study of American literary journals, but I know from personal experience that more can be found by presence on the spot.
>
> In the end, I am sure, anything which survives the literary struggle for existence in America will — as has always happened — become part of the literary canon here.

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But we ought to be more vigilant, and the habit of visiting America would make us so. It is true that American authors do better in 'royalties' than we do, and that makes it easier for them when it comes to paying for an absurdly quick passage across the Atlantic in an unnecessarily luxurious liner; but my appeal is to all Englishmen interested in literature — not only to the professional literary man.

✠

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING

THE intricacies of Elizabethan handwriting are discussed in a current number of the English *Library* by Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, who describes no less than eight distinct styles, together with a possible ninth, about which he does not feel quite sure. In his paper, which is called *Elizabethan Handwritings, a Preliminary Study*, he makes some remarks that appear to shed light on the vexed question of Shakespeare's hand.

Mr. Jenkinson points out that it was a frequent occurrence for an educated Elizabethan to have two styles of handwriting, and he applies this to the disputed autographs of Spenser. This leads another writer in the *Saturday Review* to take up the Jenkinson theory and apply it to Shakespeare, suggesting that perhaps he wrote both the Italian hand, which was coming into fashion in his day, as well as the ordinary cramped English hand of the times. This suggestion, which had been put forward before Mr. Jenkinson's paper, was at first received with more or less contempt by critics, but its position seems to be made somewhat stronger by his ideas.

Mr. Jenkinson points out another fact which may affect disastrously the authenticity of some precious autographs. It appears that copying clerks of that time — when the typewriter was an undreamed of blessing — had a habit, when they were transcribing a document, of copying the signature also, writing it in a hand different from that of the document itself. Hence a paper may appear to have been copied by a clerk and then signed by the author when, as a matter of fact, the whole thing is a clerk's workmanship. It is said that a series of facsimiles of Elizabethan handwritings are to be issued presently to assist students.

✠

A LUNCHEON BILL

THE owners of restaurants in Paris are no more scrupulous than their American brethren, and *l'addition* of the one is likely to be as unreasonable as the bill of the other. However, *L'Opinion* of Paris prints an anecdote which, it avers is '*rigoureusement authentique*' in which the restaurateur gets distinctly the worst of it.

A lady and gentleman had just finished a rather modest luncheon when the waiter presented a bill for one hundred and twenty francs. The gentleman called the head waiter and bade him: 'Go tell the manager to give me a special price. I am in the same business.'

A few minutes later, the head waiter came back with a new bill — this time for sixty francs. The gentleman smiled and paid, whereupon the head waiter asked:

'What restaurant do you manage?'

'I?' said the other. 'I don't manage any restaurant.'

'But you said you were in the same business!'

'I am. I 'm a professional thief like the rest of you.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Shakespeare's Hamlet, by A. Clutton-Brock. London: Methuen. 5s.

[*Daily Herald*]

MR. CLUTTON-BROCK'S *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, which is just published, is one of the best essays in literary criticism that he has yet done. The case against Hamlet as a play which, as Mr. Clutton-Brock says, 'can best be stated in a question: What is the cause of Hamlet's delay in killing the King?' is examined, and the arguments of Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. T. S. Eliot in favor of Shakespeare's incompetence are, in my opinion, completely demolished.

I am, perhaps, a little easier to convince than most people, for I have never been able to understand why it should be thought easy to kill anyone, even a man who had murdered your father. Evidently, I have not the taste for blood that many Shakespearean commentators appear to have. However, whether you agree with Mr. Clutton-Brock or not, I can imagine no more delightful way of exercising your critical faculties than by reading Mr. Clutton-Brock's theories, and then going to a performance of *Hamlet* at the Old Vic, and testing them for yourself.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

WE are all interested in psychological theories nowadays, and we talk glibly of 'complexes' and the analyses of Freud. There is a part of our mind which we call the conscious mind, and there is another and more mysterious part which we call the unconscious mind, or, to give it its more honorific title, the subliminal consciousness. The first is easy enough to understand. It deals with the sphere of intelligence and thought. The other is a more mysterious region, for the unconscious mind plays a great part in all our lives and often baffles us by producing results exactly the contrary to what we anticipated.

Now how can theories of this kind be made applicable to Hamlet? Mr. Clutton-Brock gives us his hypothesis. When Hamlet was implored by his father's ghost to avenge his murder, and in particular to put an end to the incestuous marriage between his mother and the murderer, his conscious resolve, made with all the force of his will, was to obey his father. But the shock which he suffered on hearing of the murder and on realizing the full horror of his mother's action made, as it were, a wound in his mind, which hurt whenever he thought of his uncle or of his mother's connection with that uncle. The pain was apparently so sharp that unconsciously he flinched from it, and seized every pretext to forget it. He would will to remember it as he willed to take vengeance. But here the law of 'reversed action' worked within him. The more he tried to force himself into action, the more his unconscious self invented pretexts of delay.

Indeed, it is exceedingly ingenious of Mr. Clutton-Brock thus to bring our most modern craze into the solution of a notorious problem like that of the mentality of Hamlet. Nothing, of course, is either added to or taken away from the original conception of his character. Shakespeare was not a psychologist in the modern sense, but his intuitive knowledge of human character made him draw a figure in which we can discern many modern analogies. Hamlet has, indeed, had a picturesque career; and the cause of his delay in killing the King has been canvassed for two hundred years, since a man called Hanmer started the inquiry in 1736. It has, however, been left for a modern Georgian critic to convert the 'moody Dane' into a Freudian hero.

[*New Statesmen*]

NOT till we come to the second part of the essay are we at all inclined to quarrel with the argument, and then on a point which seems to us of only secondary importance, though Mr. Brock has pushed it to the front rather. 'Why did Hamlet delay?' In the first chapter we get an adequate reply: 'Though Hamlet's behavior may seem to us unintelligible psychologically, we are, æsthetically, convinced by it. As he acts, we feel, so he would act; and that is all we have a right to demand of the dramatist.' Whatever the psychological difficulties may be, no sensitive person, reading *Hamlet*, ever felt that the hero's behavior or talk was inconsistent with the character portrayed. That is enough: it is not a sign of 'artistic failure,' but of consummate success.

However, Mr. Brock is still vexed by the psychological question, and so goes on to suggest that the Ghost and his message gave Hamlet such a shock that for the rest of his life he labored under what they now call 'a suppressed complex.' That revelation of what had been done, and what was to do, so preyed upon the hero's mind that he jibbed at the remotest reference to either. The Court, the Queen, Ophelia herself, all touched the hidden sore. Hence the strangeness; hence the delay. Certainly; but why drag in the shock? Why make us think of Dr. Freud? Why attribute to a shock and a suppression what may more simply be attributed to normal consciousness of past infamies and future woe? Must we invoke psychoanalysis to explain the

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fact that a gracious and exquisitely civilized youth shrinks from what he conceives to be the duty of murdering his stepfather and perhaps his mother, too? Is it odd that with such business thrust upon him he should have lost his taste for life?

Sidelights on Relativity, by Albert Einstein. London: Methuen, 1922.

Émile Coué: the Man and His Work, by Hugh Macnaughten. London: Methuen, 1922.

[*Saturday Review*]

UNTIL recently, Professor Einstein easily held the distinction of having more books written around and about him and his theory than any other man of the day. In one week, three volumes dealing with this subject were reviewed in the columns of the *Saturday*, all, by the way, coming from the same firm of publishers. Now, however, M. Coué is challenging Professor Einstein's title, though he has considerable leeway to make up before he can claim a victory. It is, of course, only natural that a heavy crop of literature should spring from the doctrines of these two men, but some of the expository volumes have hardly been remarkable for their lucidity, and I am doubtful whether the general public will be able for a very long time to grasp even the rudiments of Relativity.

The latest addition to this prolific harvest is a translation of two lectures by Dr. Einstein, entitled *Sidelights on Relativity*. It is published by Messrs. Methuen, who state that it 'should prove of interest to all those who in any way are attempting to understand Einstein's work, but more particularly to those who feel the lack of the clear imagery of the older ether theories.' Messrs. Methuen are also responsible for *Émile Coué: the Man and His Work*, by Mr. Hugh Macnaughten, the Vice-Provost of Eton College. Mr. Macnaughten writes from personal experience, for he was himself cured at Nancy. I am interested to see that he considers that M. Coué obtains better results at Nancy than he did during his recent visit to London. There are some of us who regret the somewhat unseemly 'stunt' that the newspapers made of that visit.

Poems of To-day. Second Series. Published for the English Association: Sidgwick and Jackson. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SEVENTY-TWO poets are represented in this second series, which appears seven years after the first. They include not a few names of poets who are now no more — Francis Thompson, T. E. Brown, A. H. Bullen, Rupert Brooke, J. E. Flecker; and also poets who may rank as the classics of the time — Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, Laurence Binyon, John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt. The editor, in fact, relies largely throughout on accepted and familiar names. Some which will be unfamiliar to many show that he is on the lookout for new work. But his acquisitions from fresh fields are cautious and will possibly not satisfy those who closely study the work of new writers.

Études de Psychanalyse, by Charles Baudoin. Neuchâtel: Delachaux et Niestlé, 1922. 8*fr.*

Studies in Psycho-Analysis, by Charles Baudoin. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1922. $3.50.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

ALMOST every page of *Études de Psychanalyse* presents some new and suggestive idea, or some old idea shown in an entirely new and suggestive light. The 'censor,' that unconvincing fetish of the strict Freudian, is put in its proper place; and a much sounder and more reasonable explanation of the phenomena of repression — which clearly is as normal and useful a biological process as is that of digestion! — is offered and expounded.

The ripening of various instincts and impulses at specific times, with their consequent atrophy or weakening if not expressed in action at their supreme moment; the evolution of the many complicated impulses of the modern man from the simple and few impulses of our primal forefathers, after the manner of the evolution of the Catholic Church; the consequent absurdity of treating each of these developed branches as identical with the primordial root from which it sprang; the manner in which we unconsciously build up, both in dreams and in reverie, symbols, not — as is often alleged — solely or mainly through material or sense-stimulating similarities, but chiefly through similarity of emotional effect: those are but a few of the many stirring ideas which, together, make M. Baudoin's book so valuable and lucid a contribution to psychological literature.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Die grosse Politik der europäischen Kabinette 1871-1914. Sammlung der diplomatischen Akten des Auswärtigen Amtes. Band 1-6: 1871 bis. 1890. Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte.

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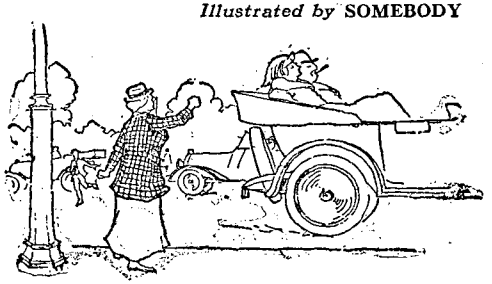

Illustration from 'Parables in Motors'

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